



# NATIONAL

QUALITY  
COMIC  
GROUP  
I.C.C.  
8

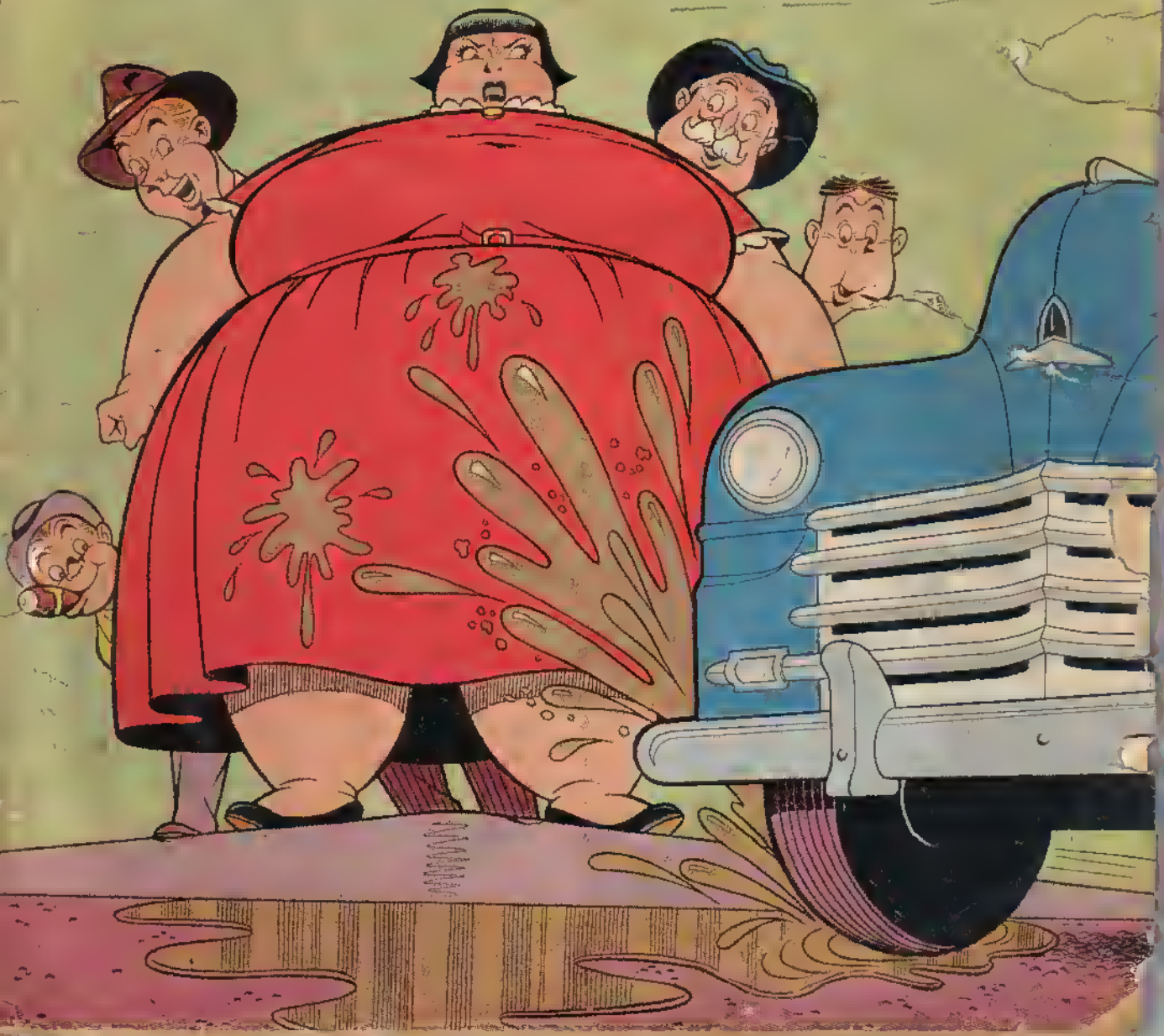
AUGUST  
No. 67

## COMICS

10<sup>c</sup>

*The* **BARKER**  
debunks *THE CURSE* of  
ALI BEN RIFF RAFF!

*I don't want her you can leave  
her she's too fat for me.*







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



AT LAST—AN AIR PISTOL AT A LOW PRICE. Sensational offer for those who want the thrill of shooting a real AIR PISTOL, either INDOORS or OUTDOORS. A great gun that will save you hours of hours of fun. A BEAUTY IN LOOKS and a WONDER IN PERFORMANCE. Still shooting—economical to operate. Modeled in steel and style after the famous German Luger gun. An priced ammunition saves you expense. Learn to shoot safely—do not aim at any object you do not want to hit.

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shot. Easy loading and cocking—a pull of the plunger and it's ready to shoot. No pumping—just one action. Plenty of compression from famous target pistol. Has non-slip engraved grip. Sturdy die-cast metal construction with machined steel operating parts for maximum life by 4. INCHES DEEP. WEIGHS 15 OUNCES. Order plenty of ammunition to keep you well supplied. Sorry.

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500 \$1.50 Steel Darts, pkg 35c Paper Targets, 100 for 35c Holster, 50c

**\$3.49**

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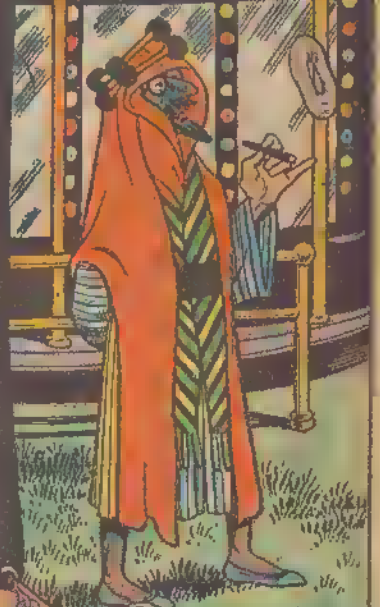
# THE BARKER

SHE'S SALAMO... THE  
MOST EXQUISITE DANCER  
IN THE WORLD... DIRECT  
FROM A SULTAN'S  
HAREM!

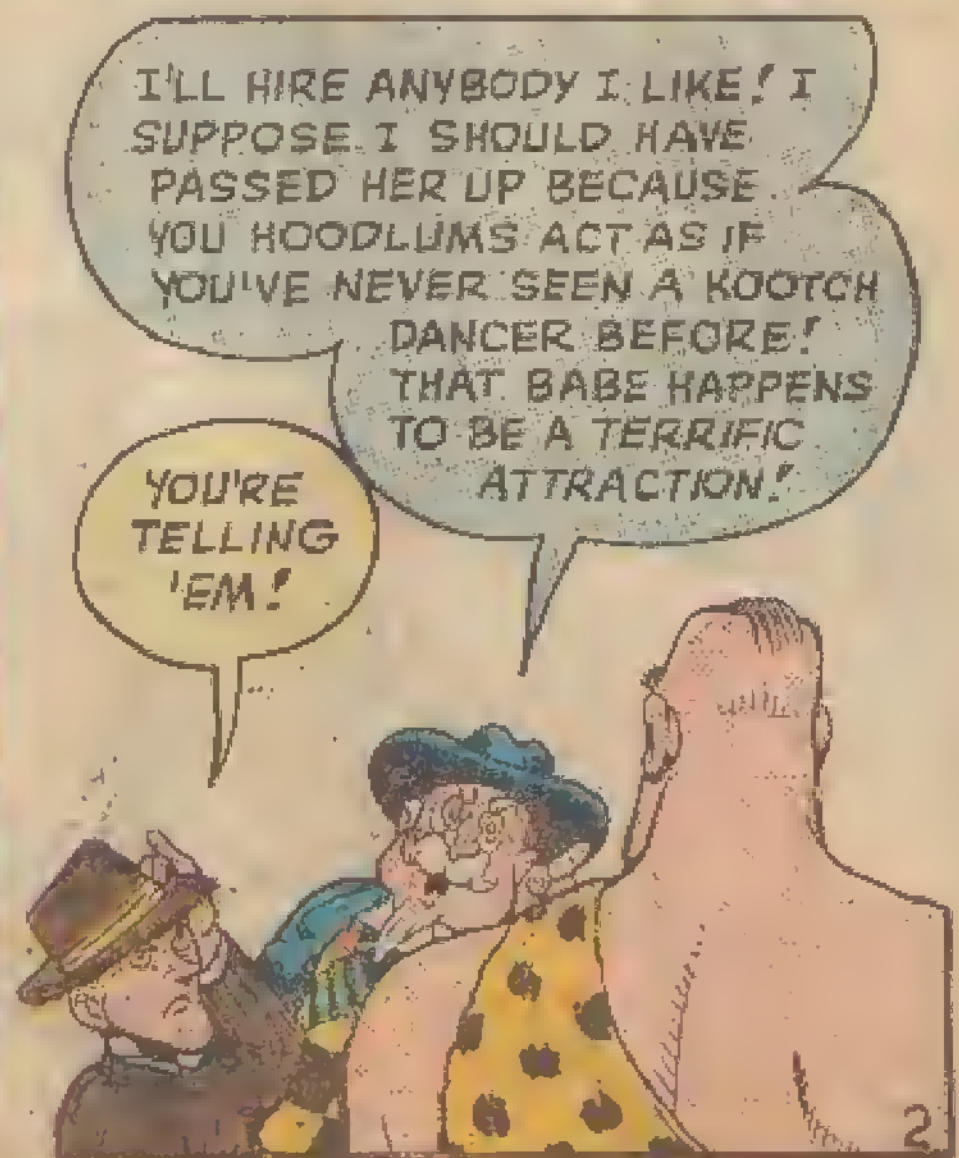
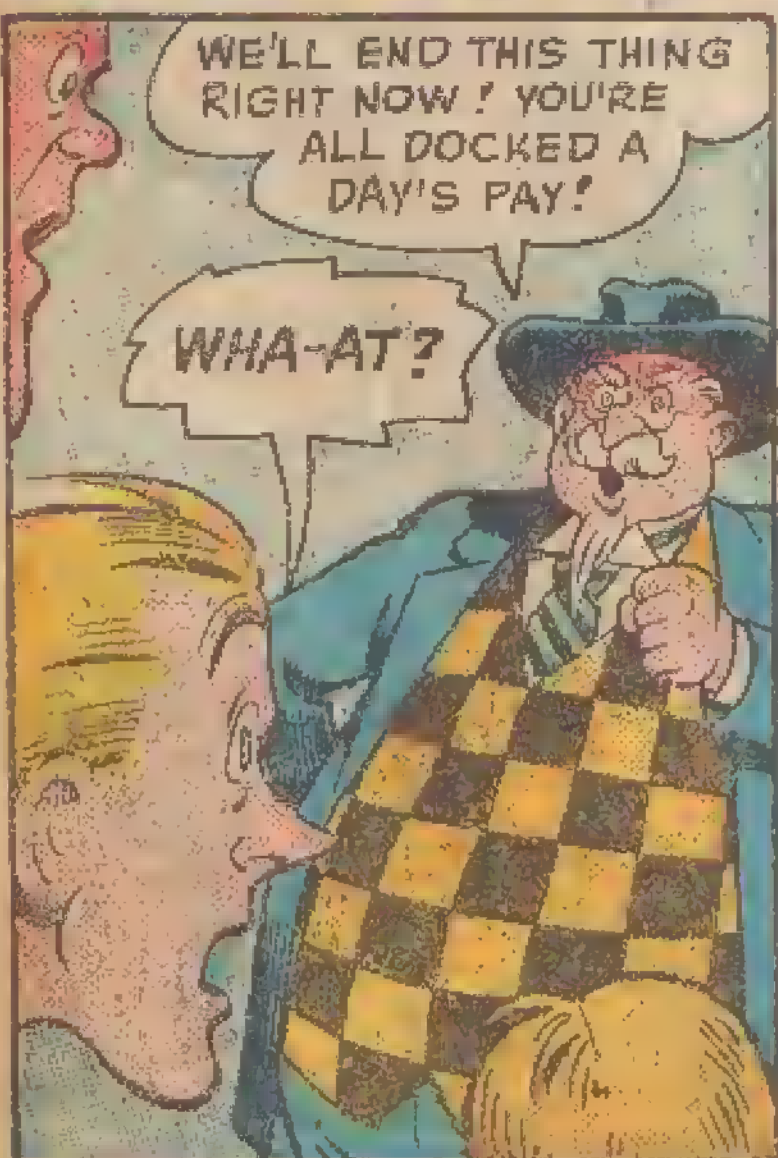
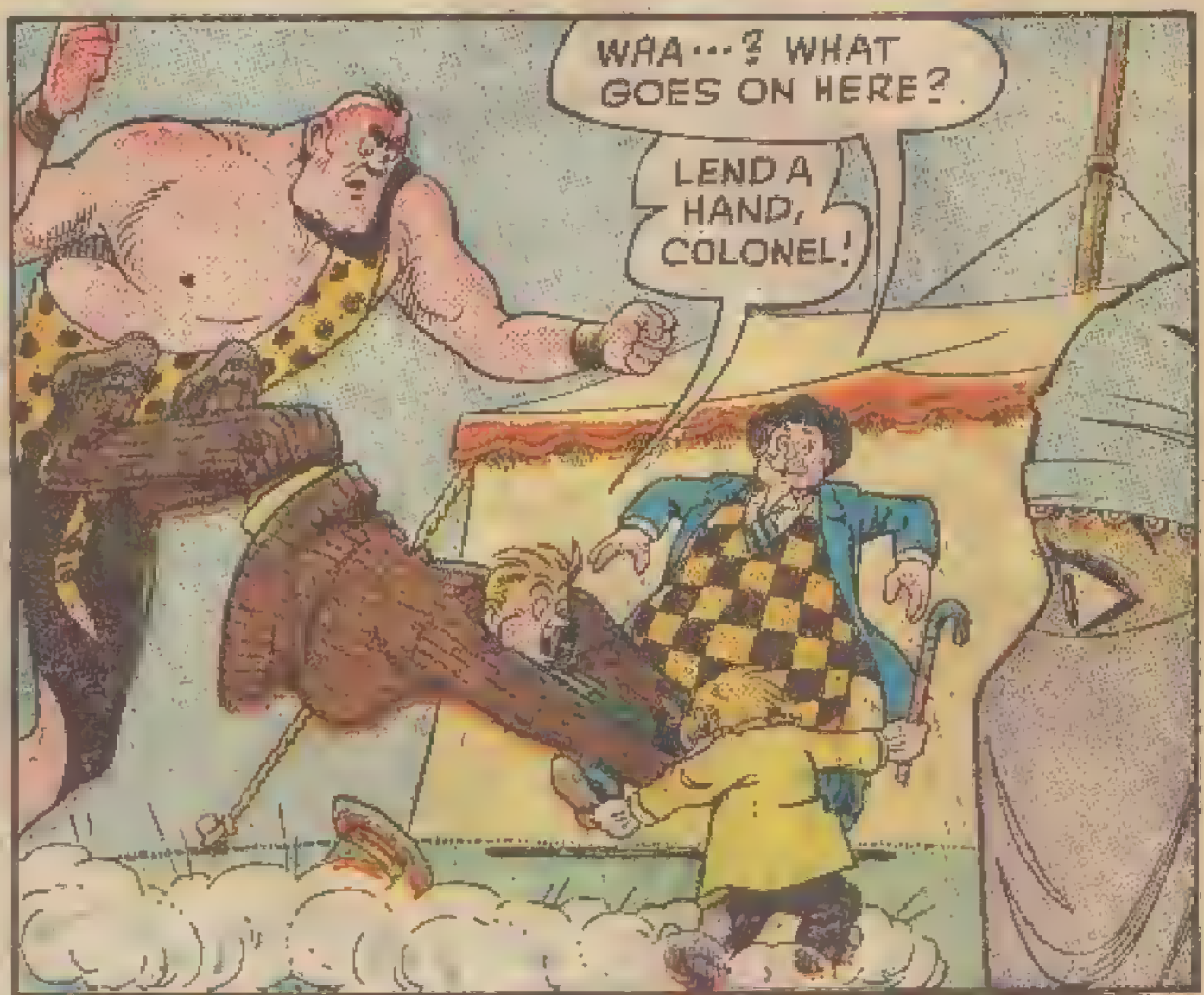
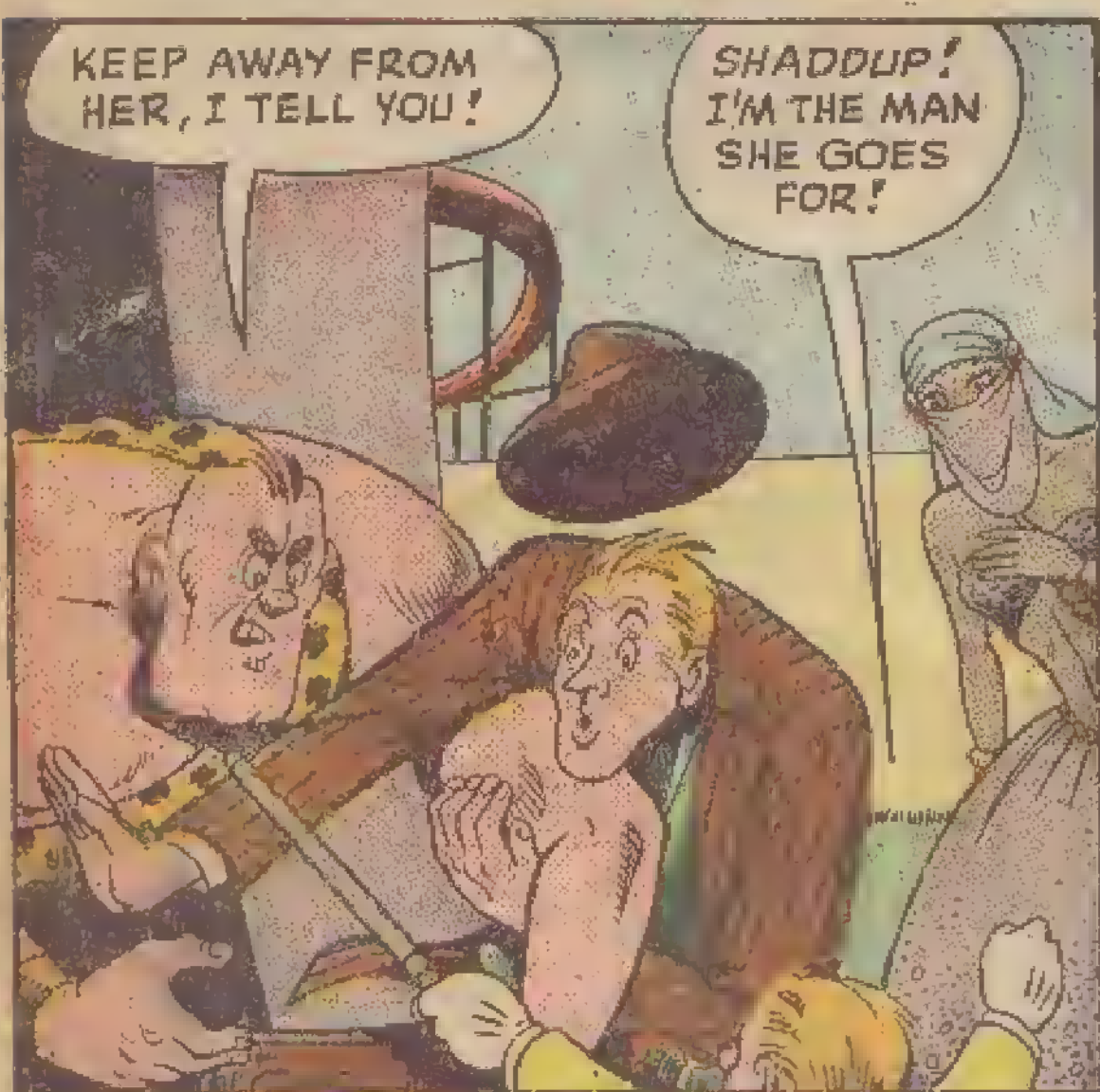
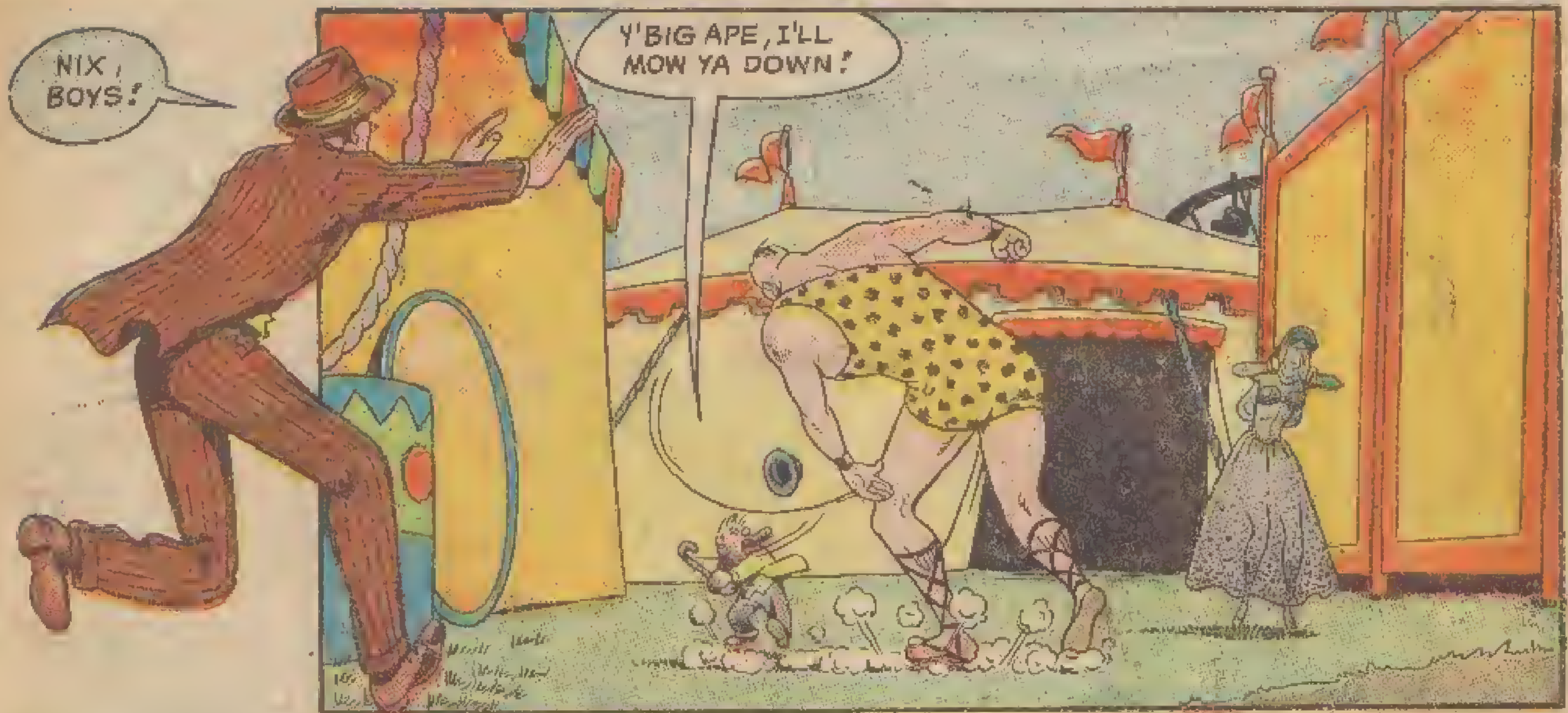
BAN!  
THEY MIGHT  
AS WELL SHOW  
A TRAINED  
SEAL!



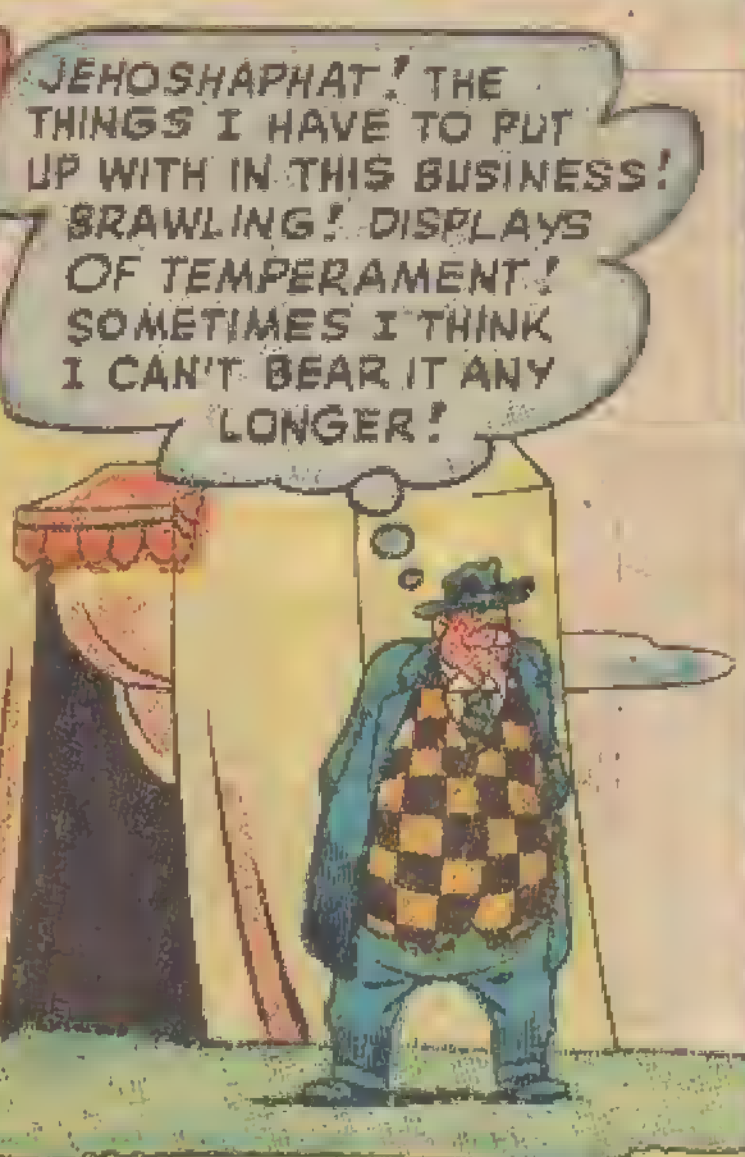
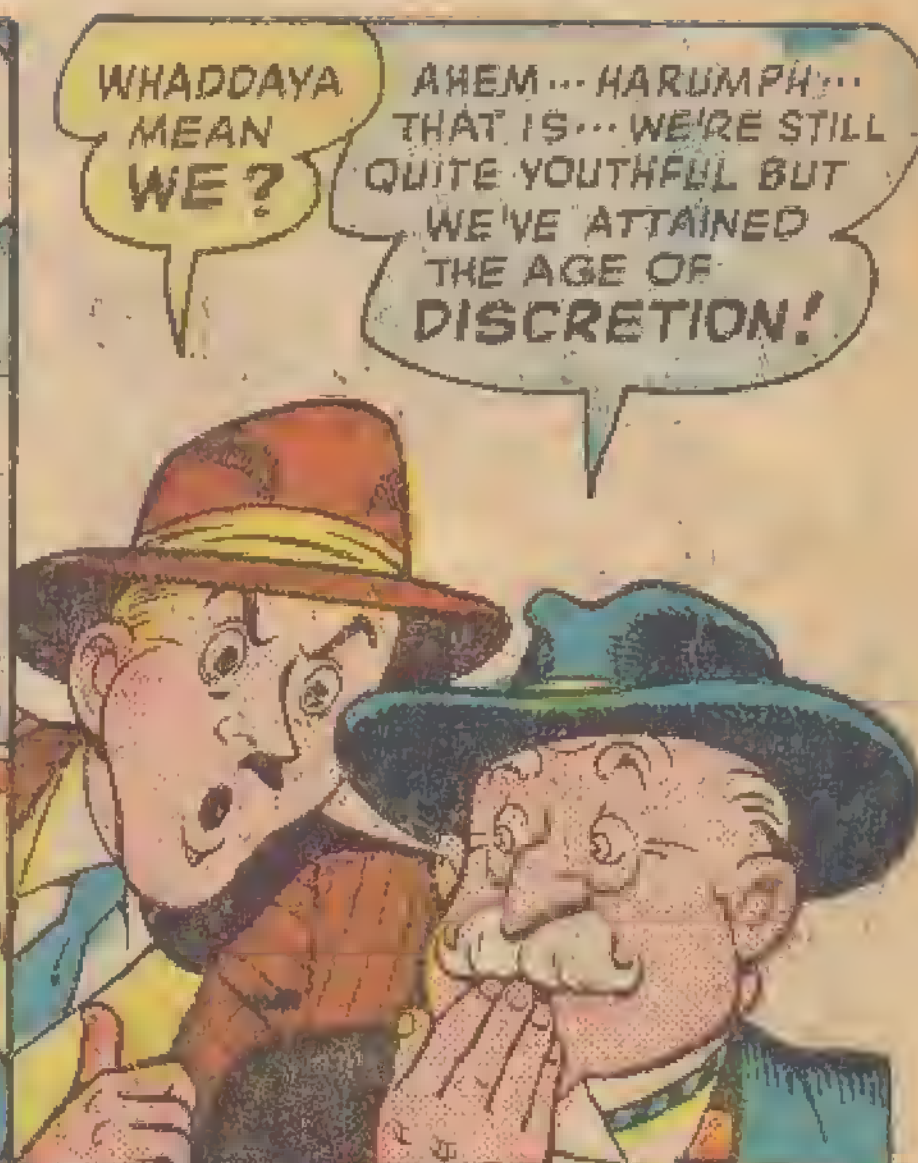
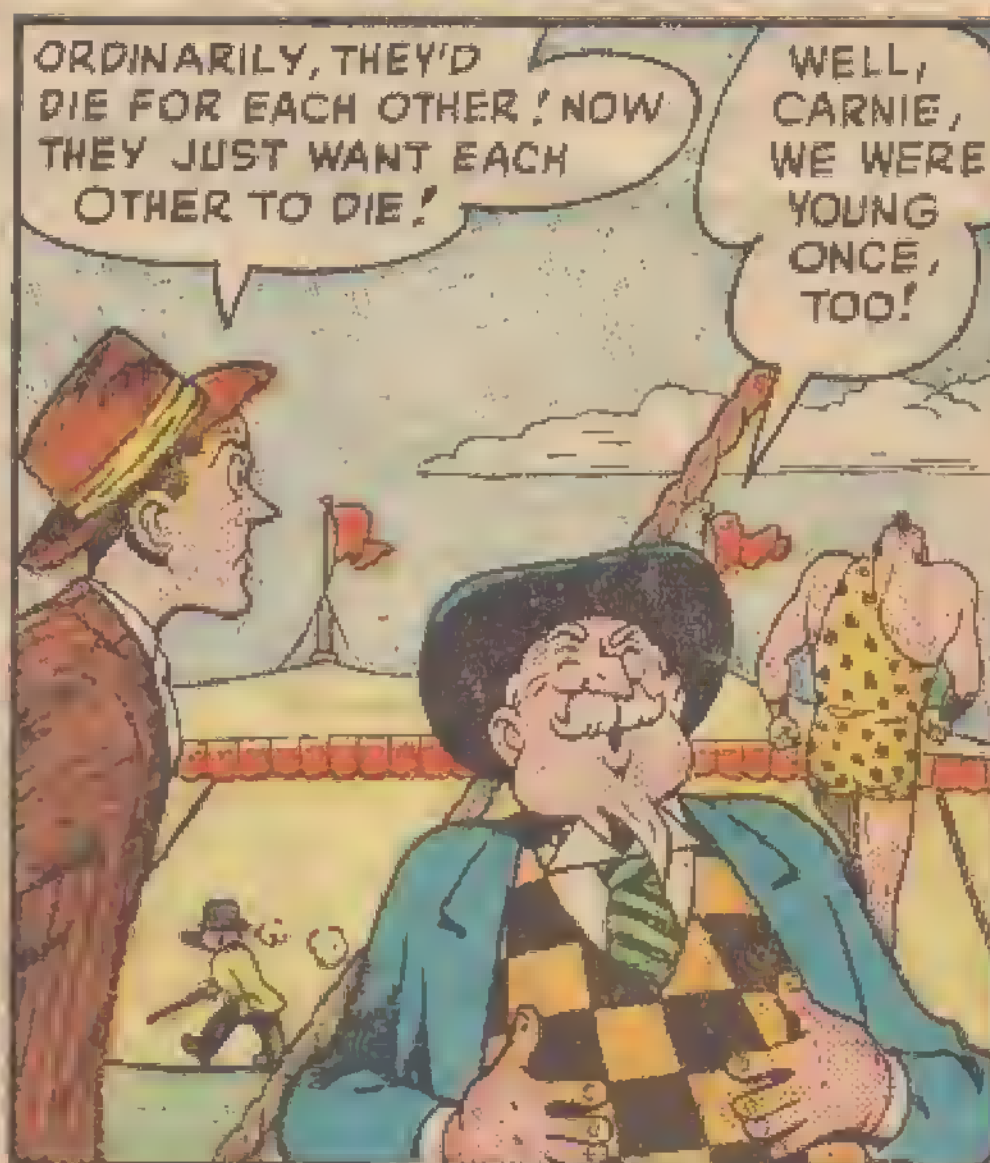
Klaus  
Nordling



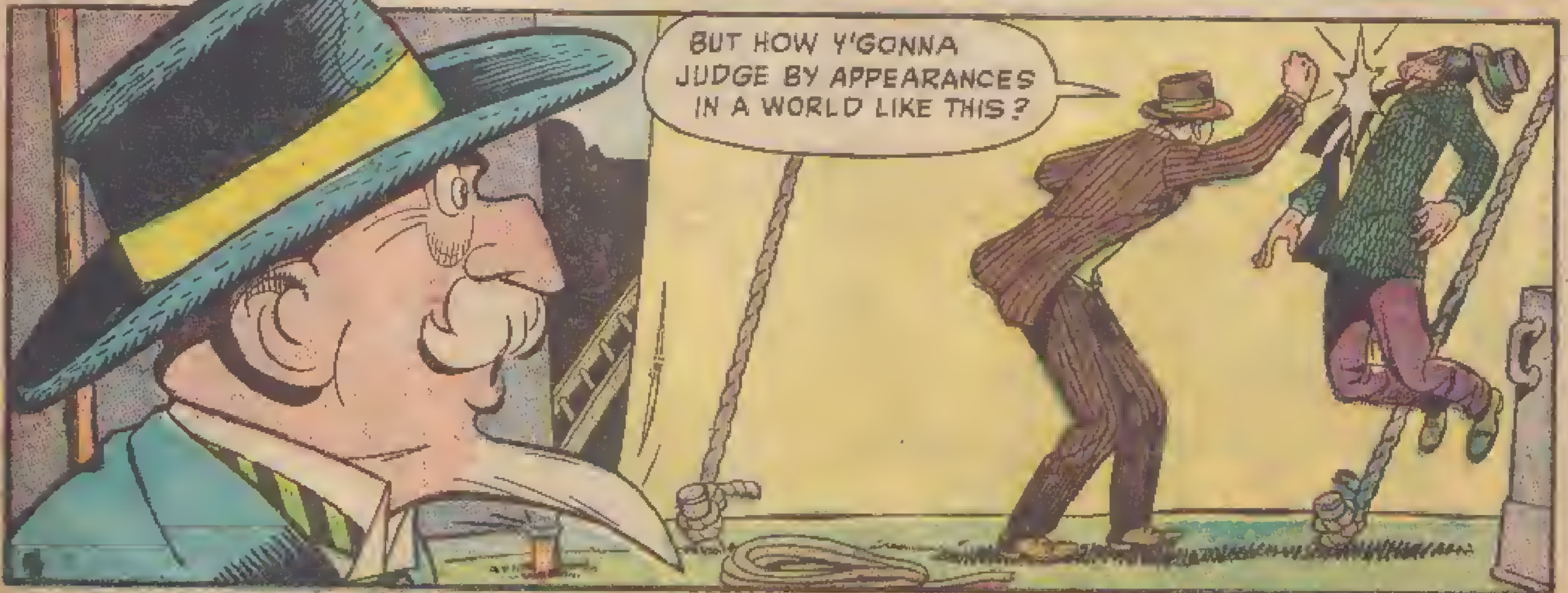




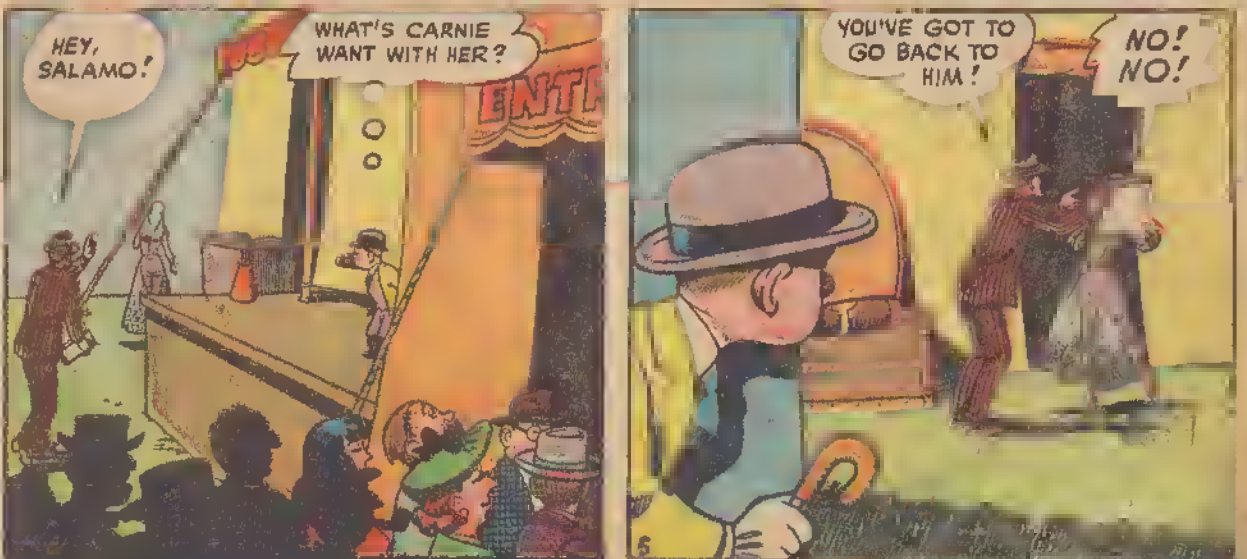
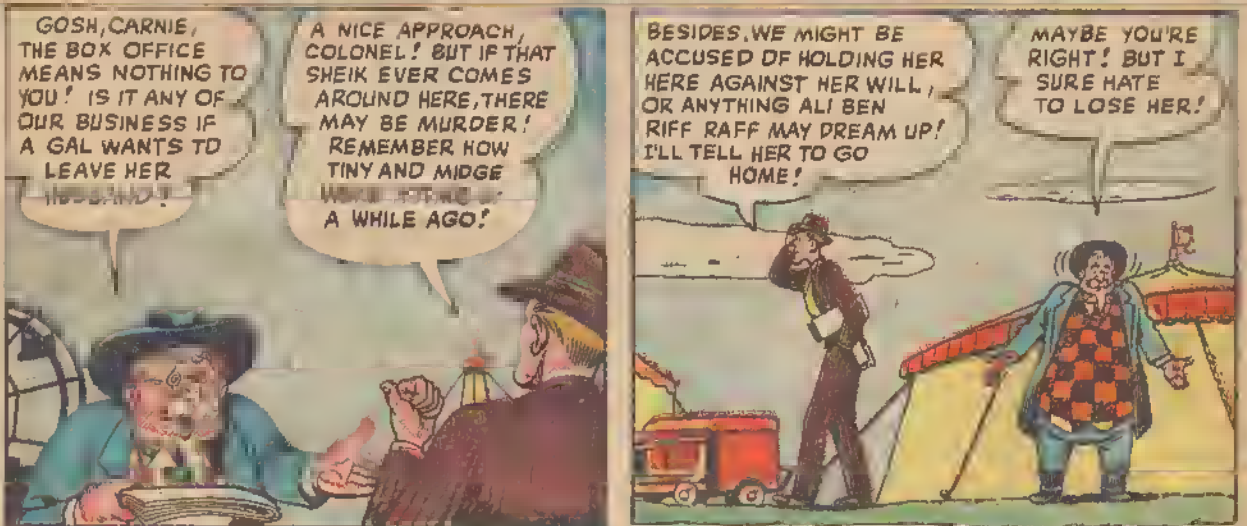




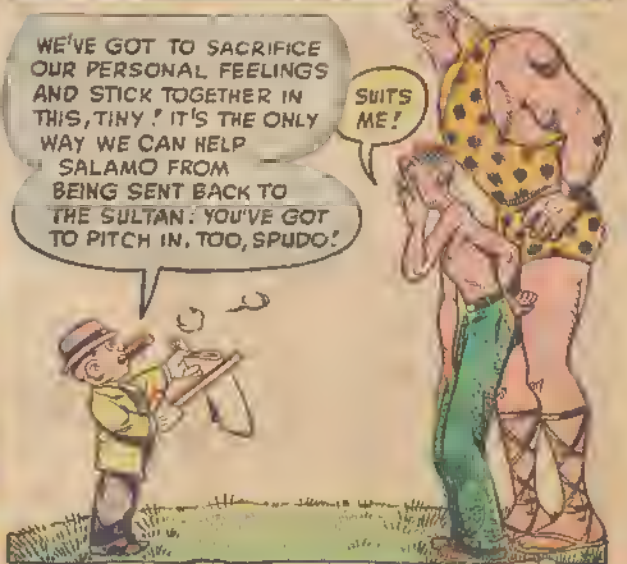
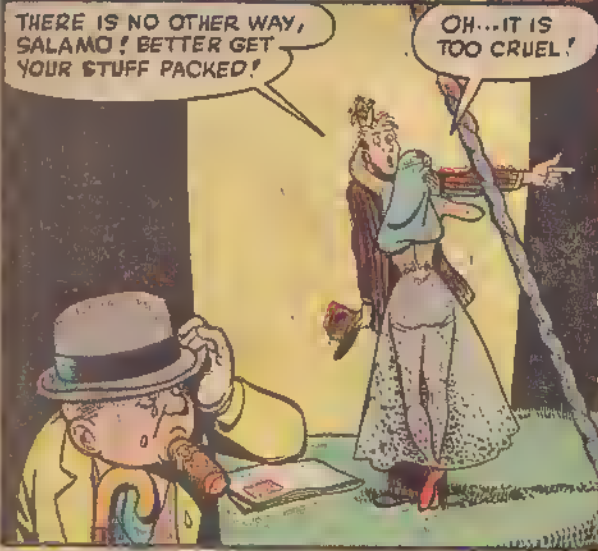
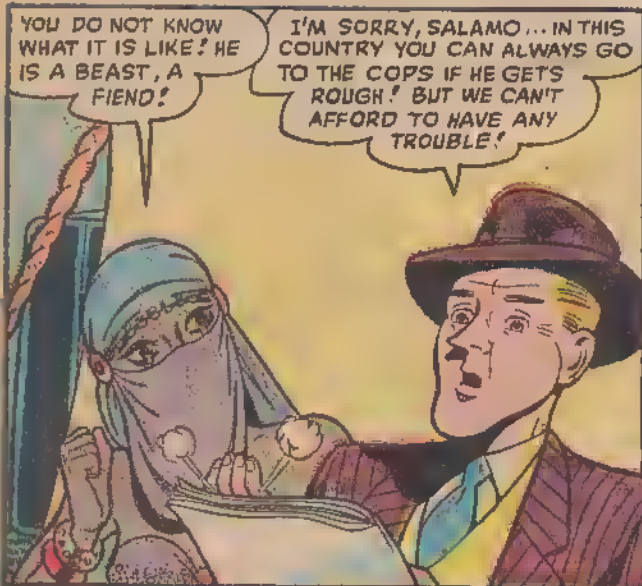




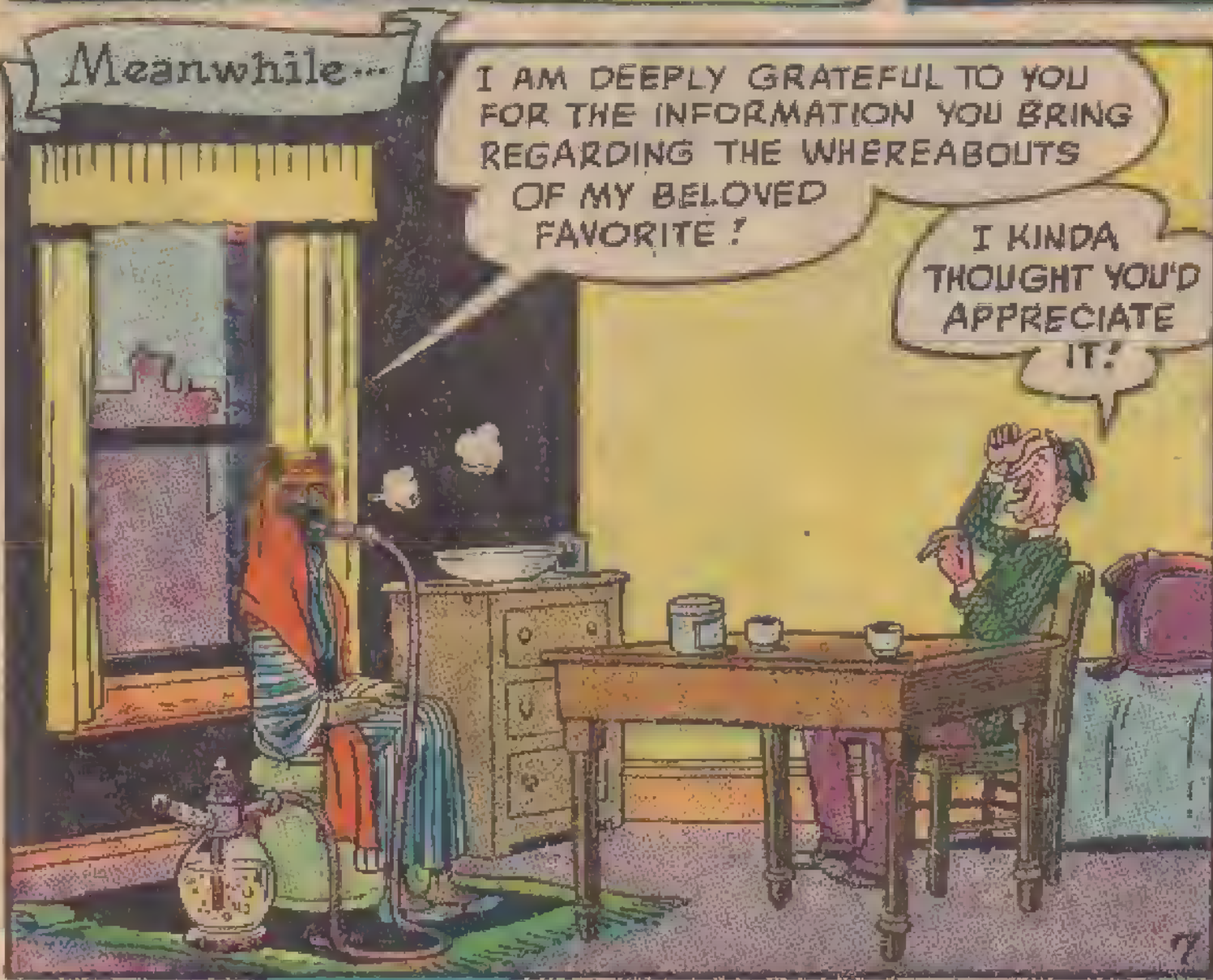
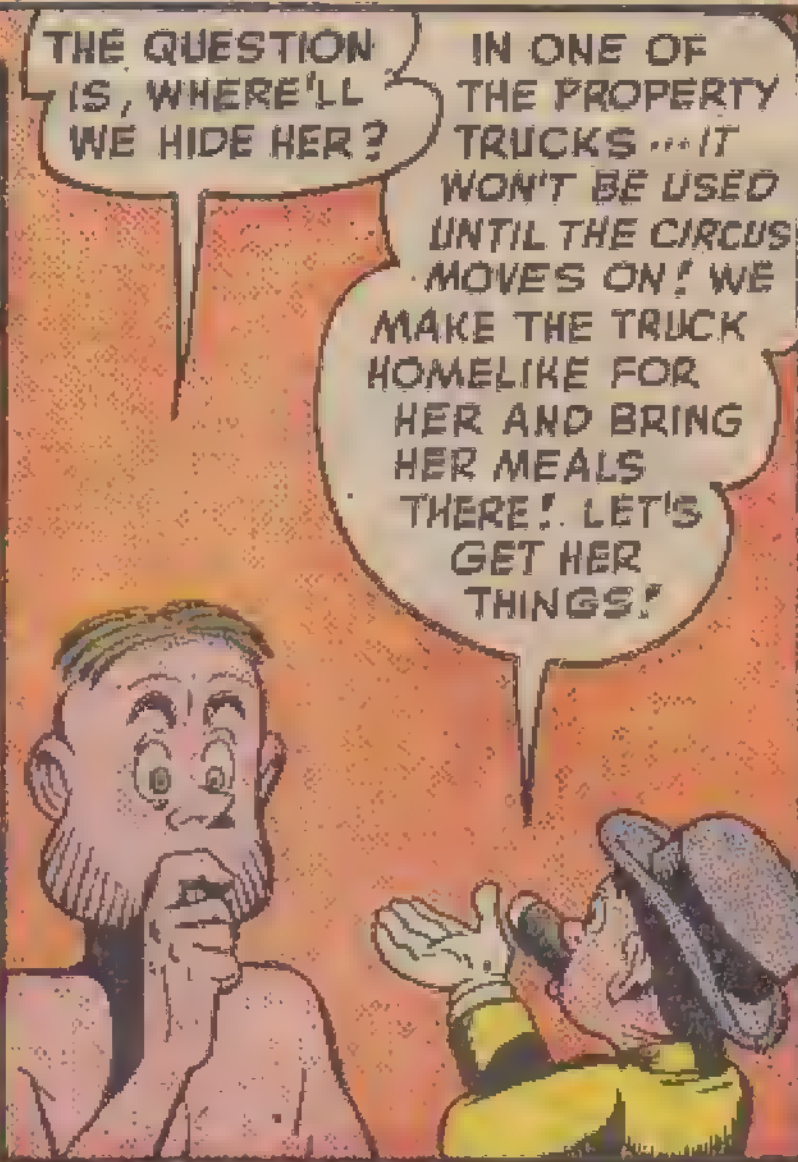
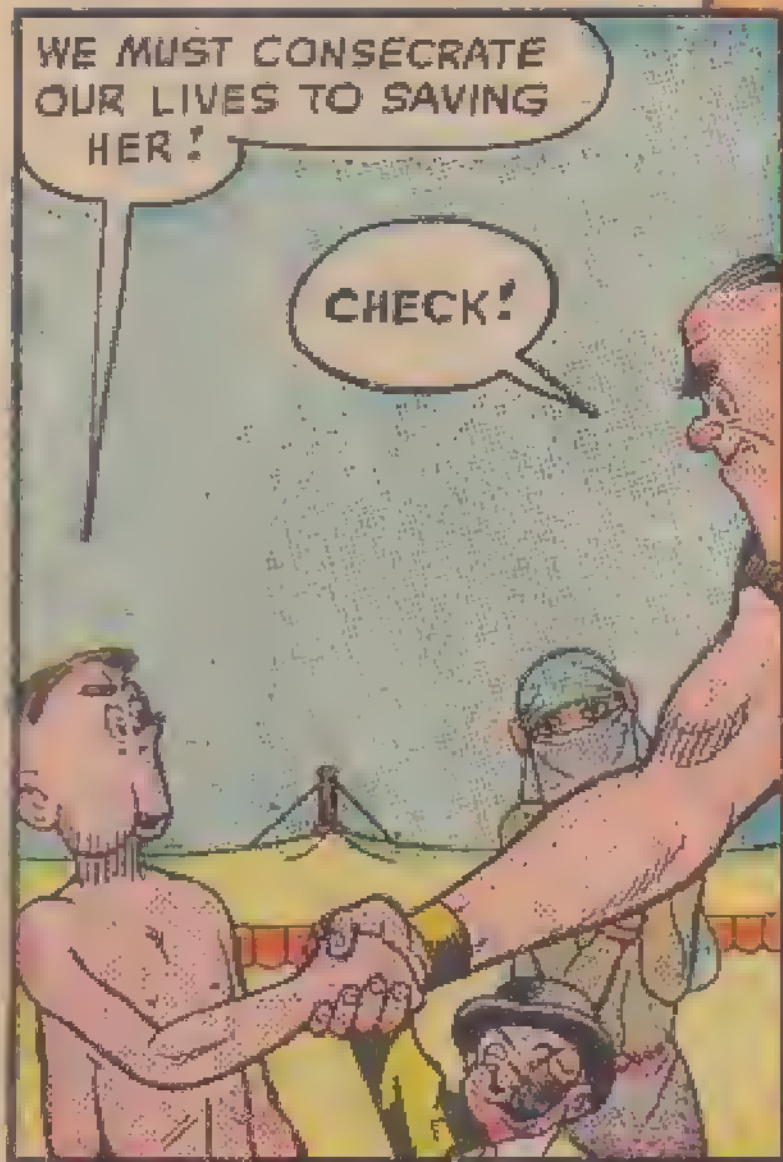














NATIONAL COMICS

TWO BITS! OF ALL THE CHEAPSKATES! IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE A MAN LOOK FOR A JOB!



MAY ALLAH'S SUN SHINE UPON YOUR HEAD! I HAVE BEEN TOLD MY WIFE IS HERE!

YOUR WIFE? ER... YES... WELL... YOU SEE...



SHE ISN'T HERE ANY MORE, PAL! I SENT HER BACK TO YOU!

YOU DID? THAT WAS QUICK!



I DO NOT BELIEVE YOU! SHE HAS NOT RETURNED TO ME!

THE BOYS LOOK AS IF THEY'VE BEEN UP TO SOMETHING! THE SHEIK MAY BE RIGHT, BUT HE STILL CAN'T CALL ME A LIAR!



BEAT IT, CHUM, BEFORE I DECIDE TO SWAT YOU FOR CALLING ME A LIAR!

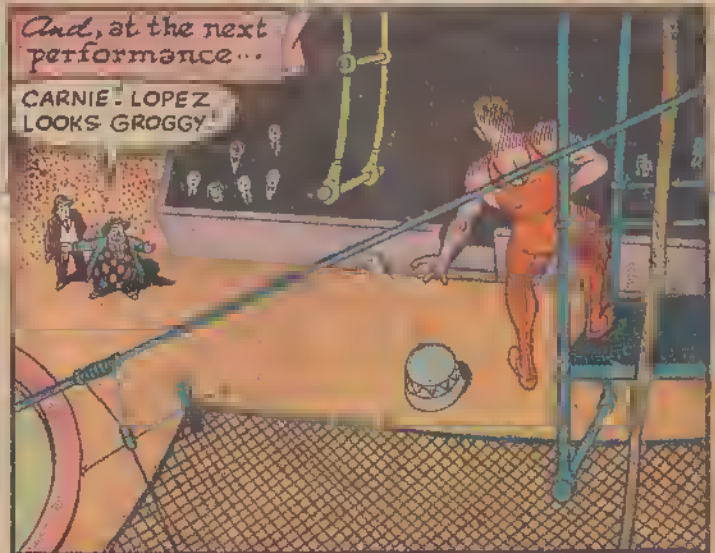
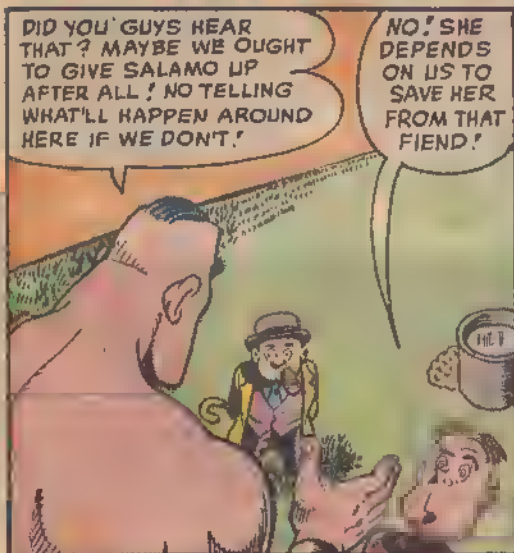
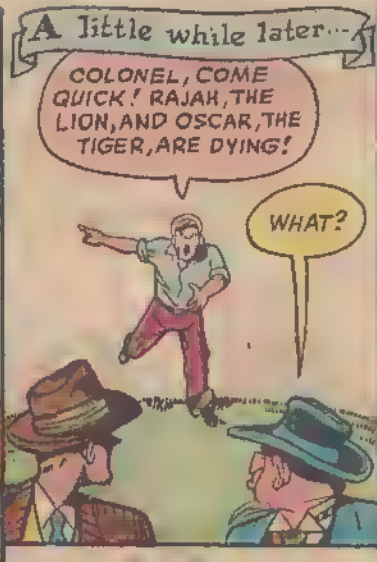
YOU WOULD DARE?



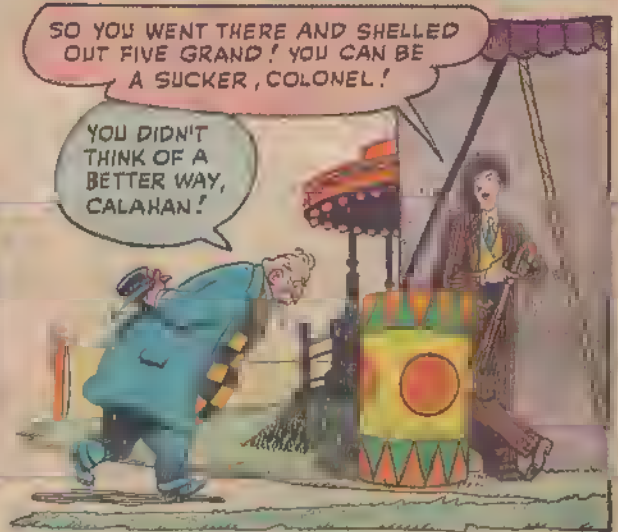
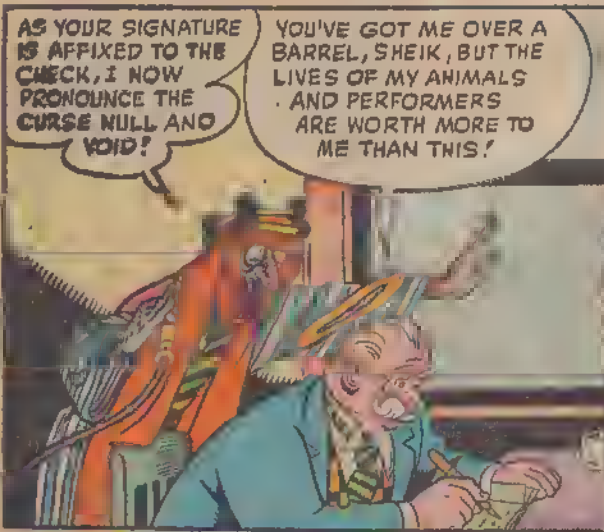
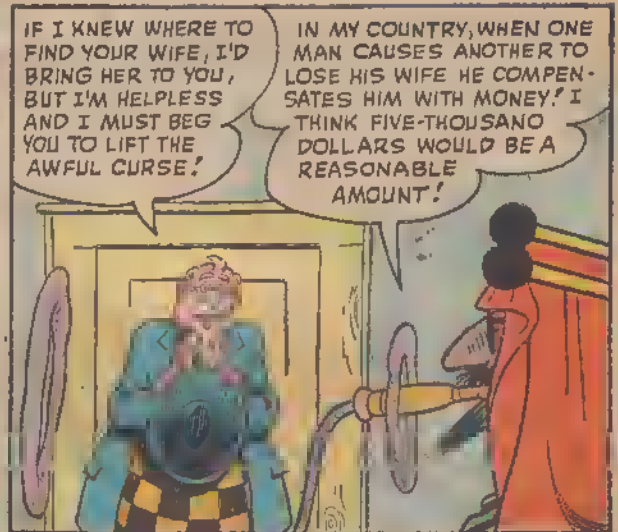
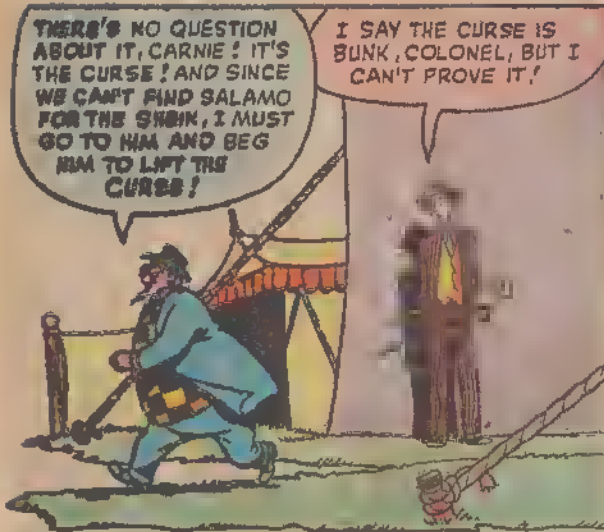
THE CURSE OF ALI BEN RIFF RAFF, THE SEVENTH SON OF A SEVENTH SON, UPON YOUR CIRCUS! MAY YOUR BEASTS SICKEN AND DIE, AND MAY DIRE CATASTROPHE BEFALL YOUR PEOPLE!



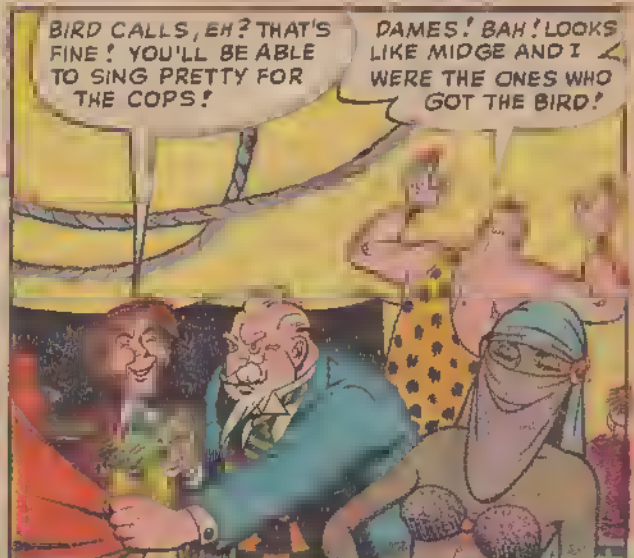
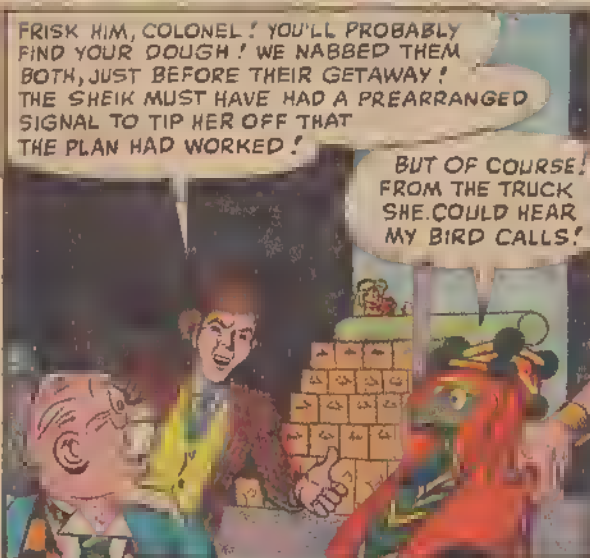
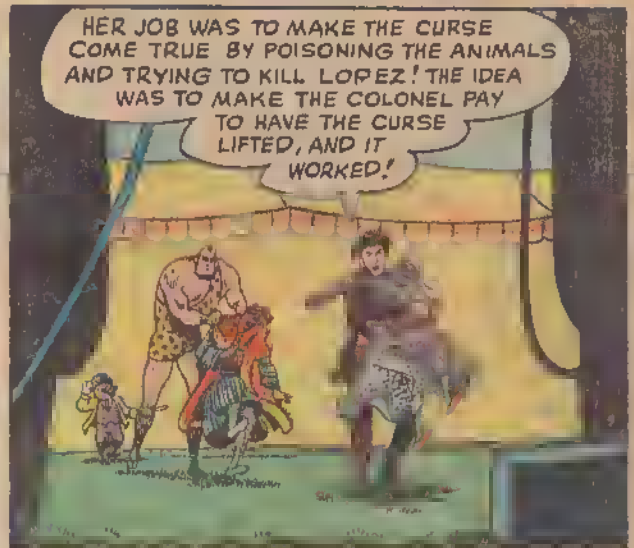
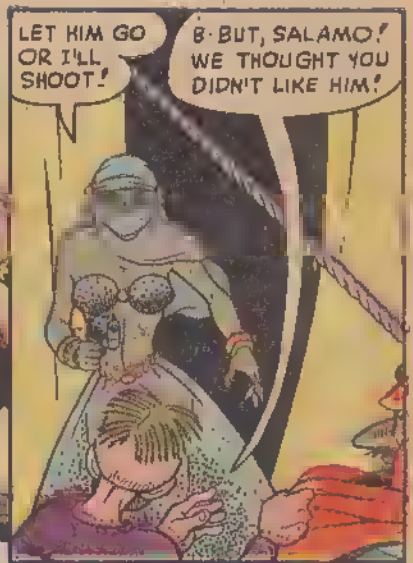
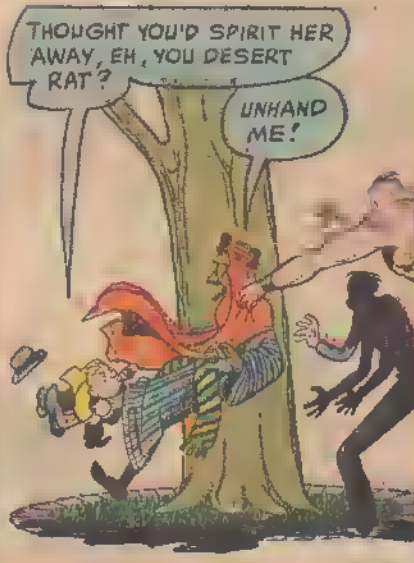














# Salty Waters

YOU WERE REALLY THERE WHEN IT WENT OFF, UNCLE SALTY?

WOW! WEREN'T YOU SCARED?

SHUX, NO!

WHAT'S AN ATOMIC BOMB TO AN OLD SALT LIKE ME?

THAT LAST BLAST AT BIKINI WAS A FAIR-TO-MIDDLIN' FIRE CRACKER, BUT THE DANGED THING INTERFERED WITH A POKER GAME WE HAD PLANNED.



MATTER O'FACT, I **READ** THROUGH THE WHOLE THING!

WOW! UNCLE SALTY.. YOU MUST HAVE NERVES OF IRON!

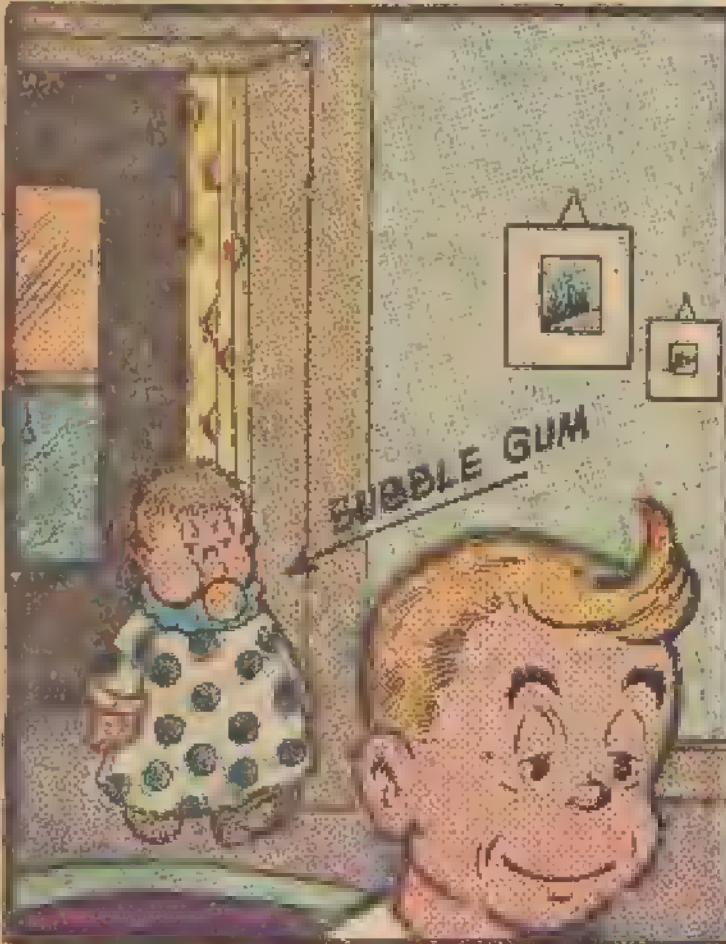
STEEL, YA MEAN!

DIDN'T THE NOISE MAKE YA JUMP?

NO NOISE ON EARTH COULD EVER BOTHER OLD SALTY!

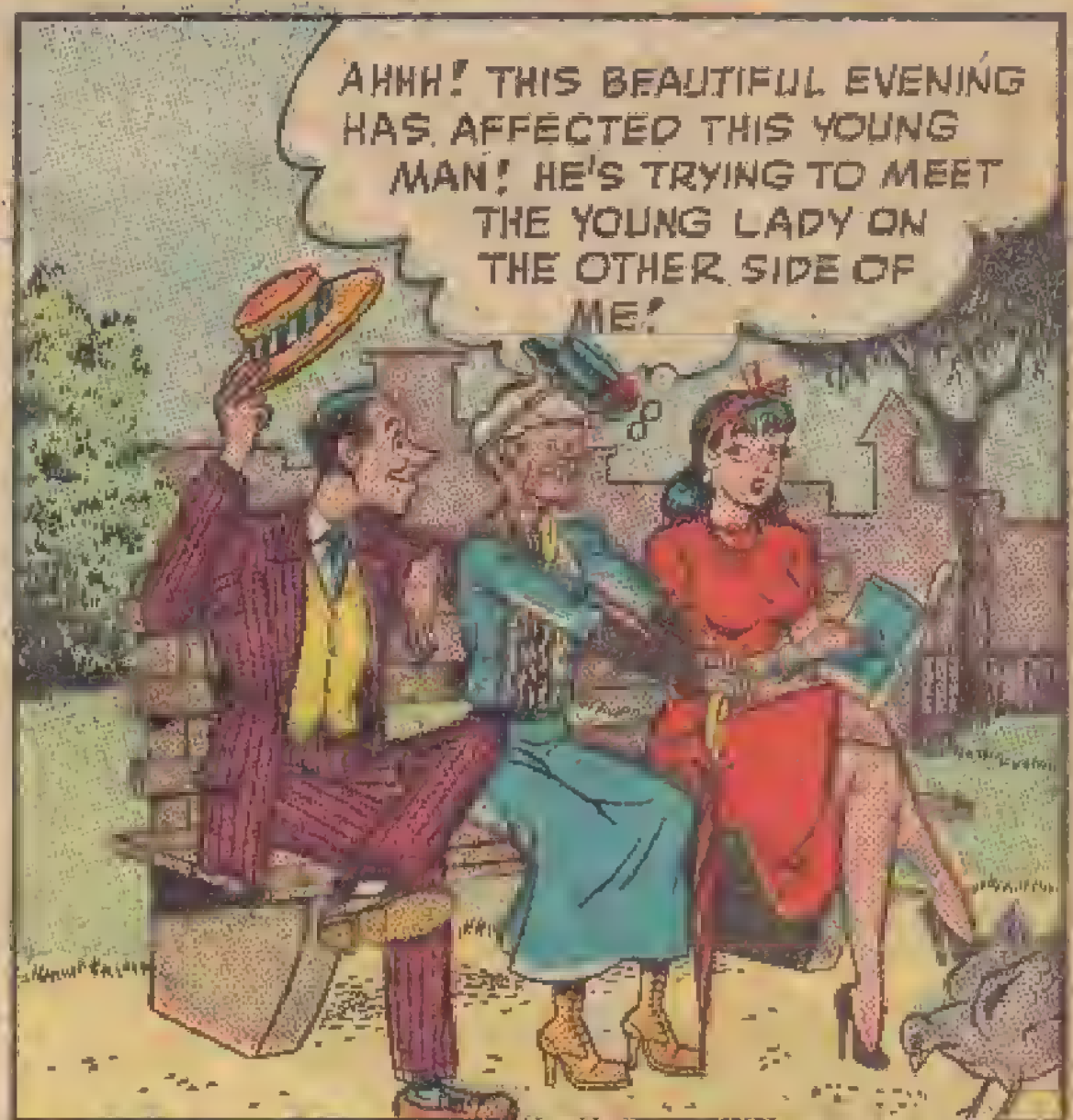


**EEYOW!**  
WHAT WUZZAT?!!

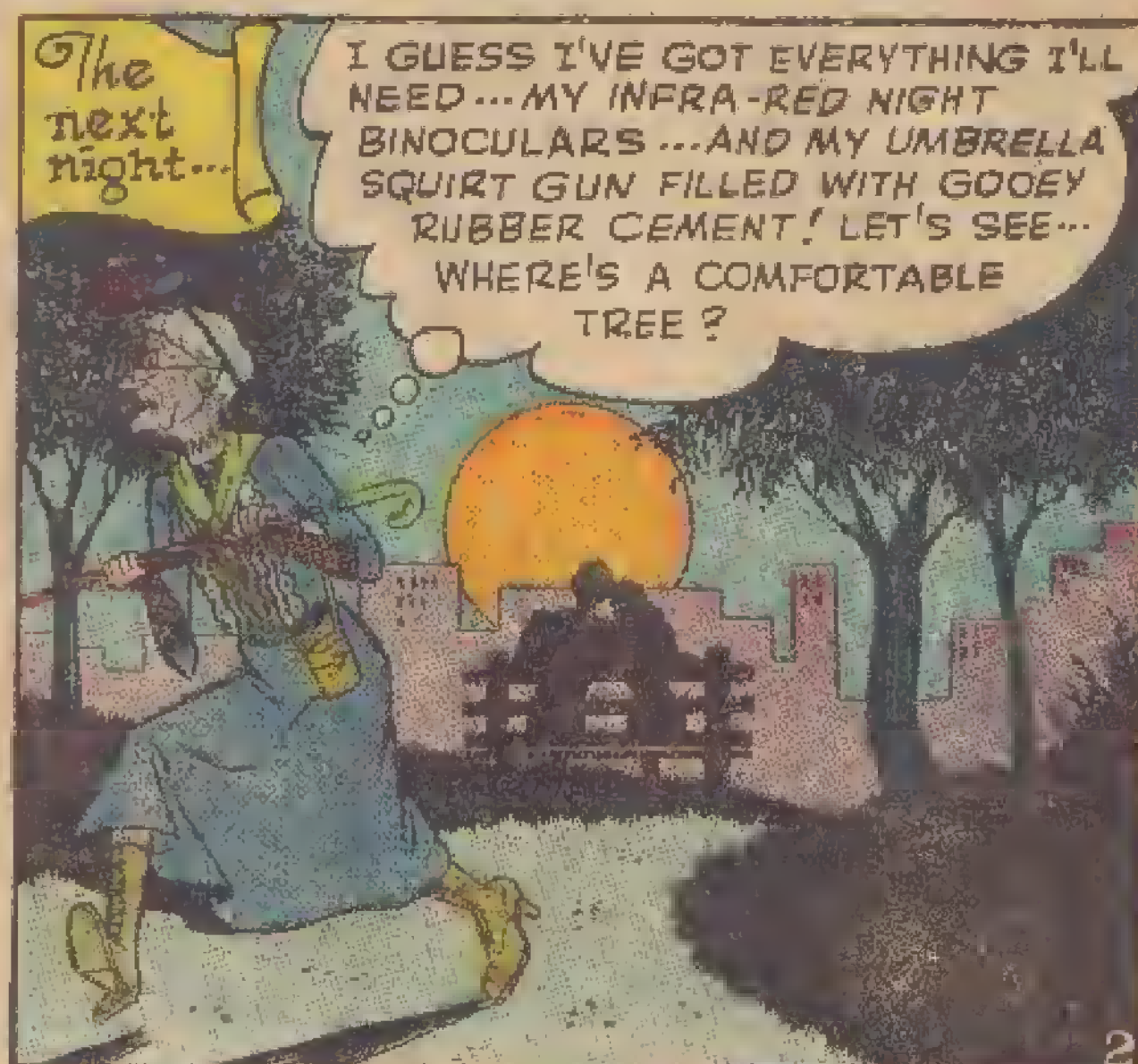
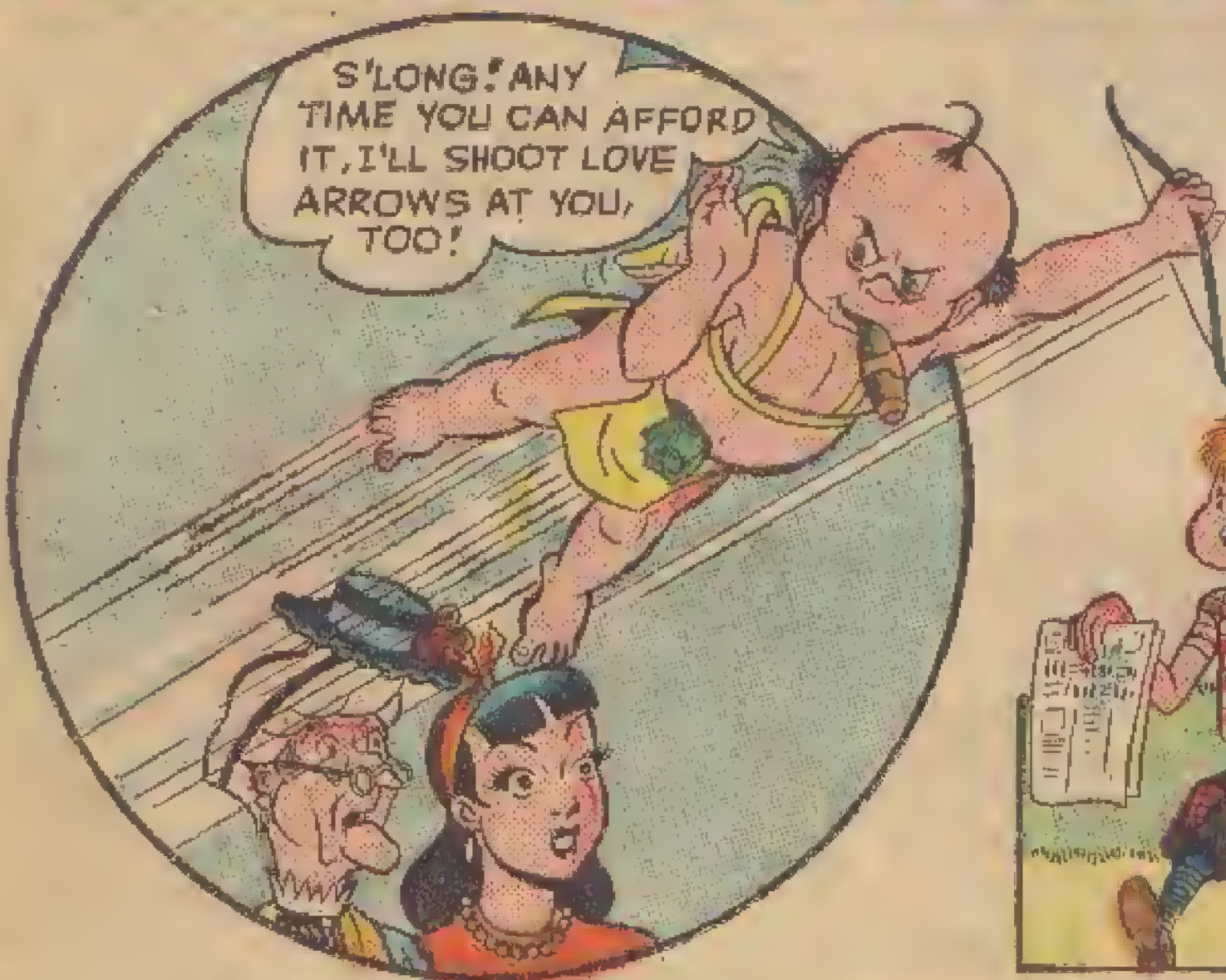
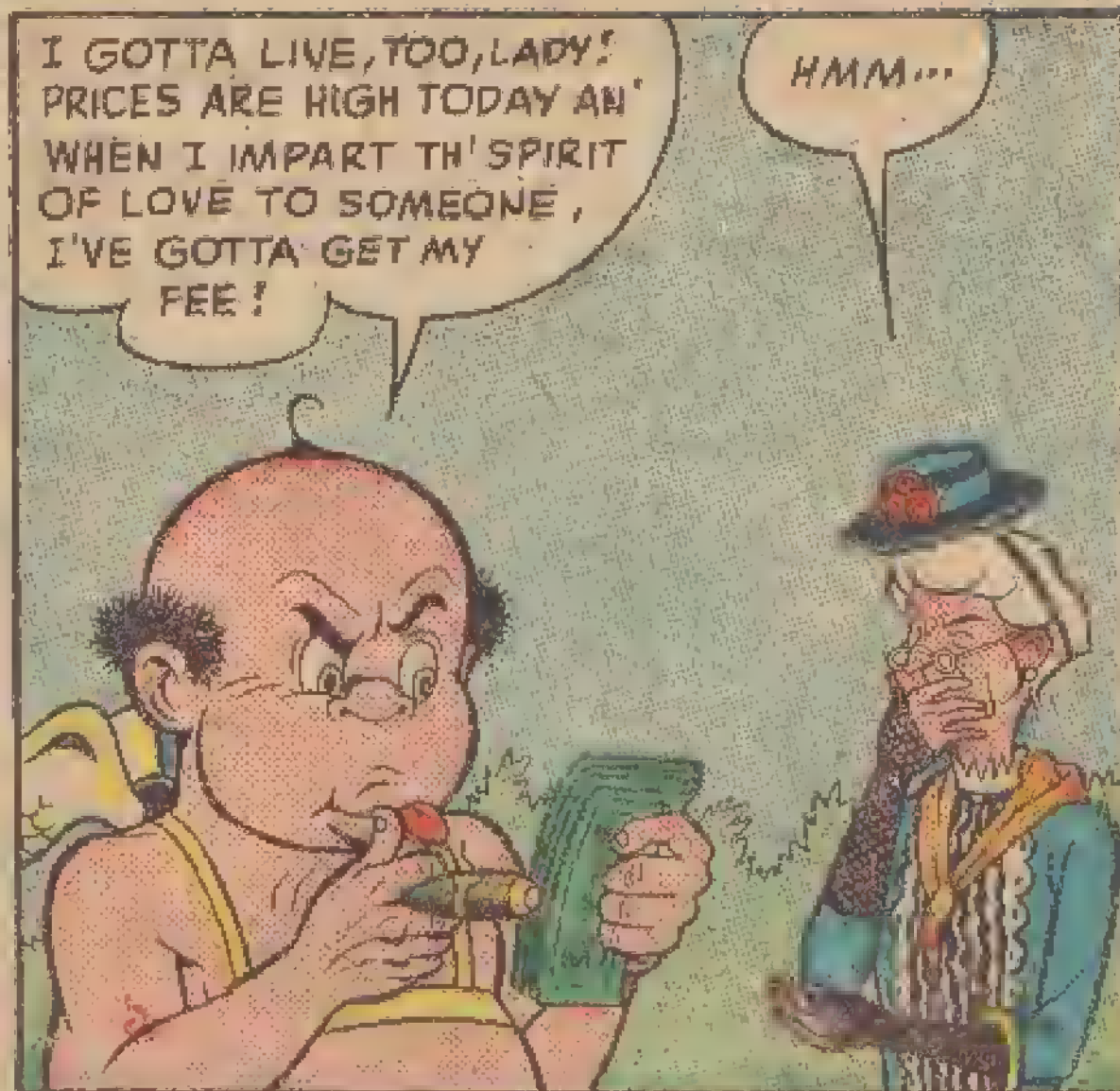
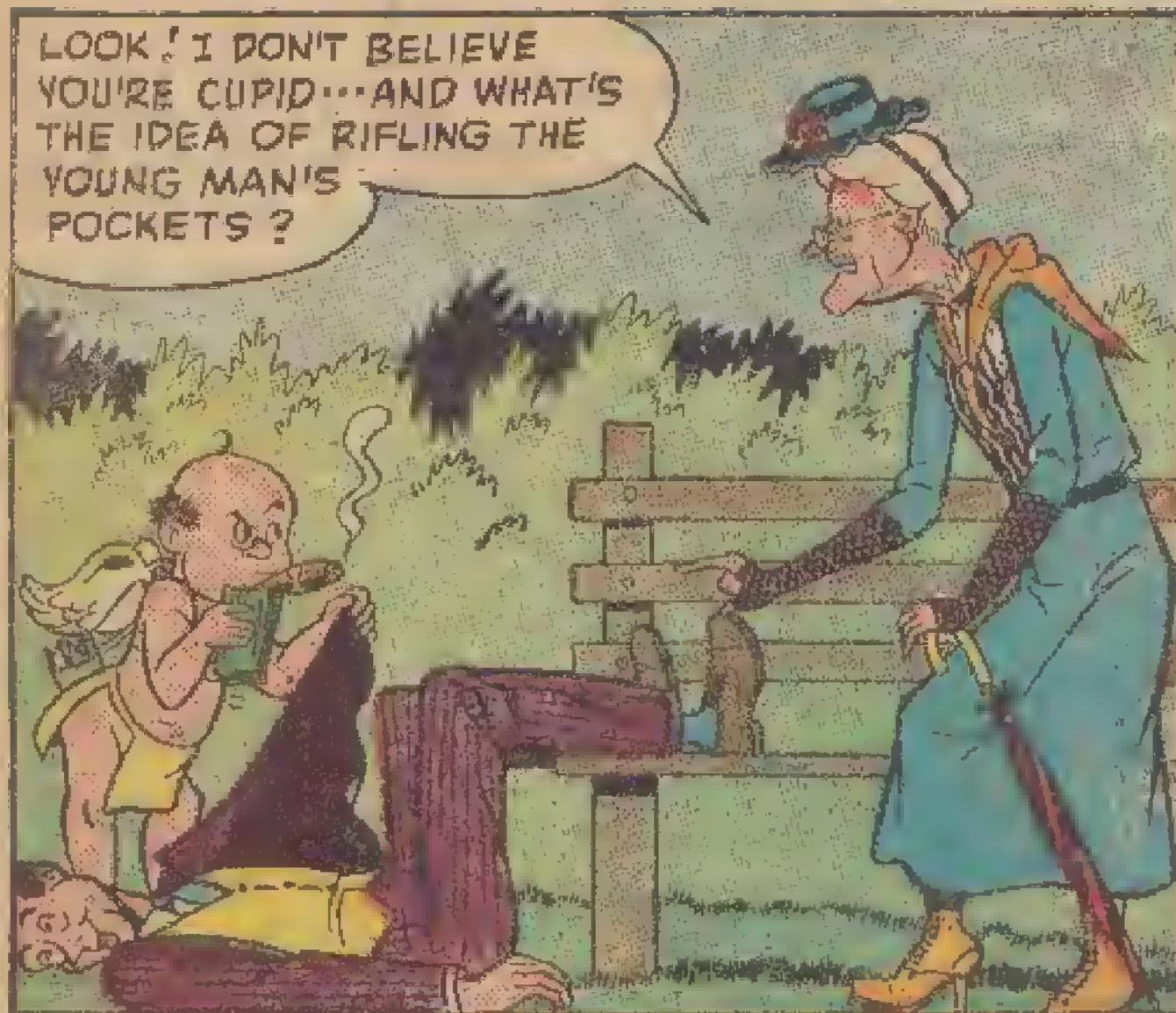




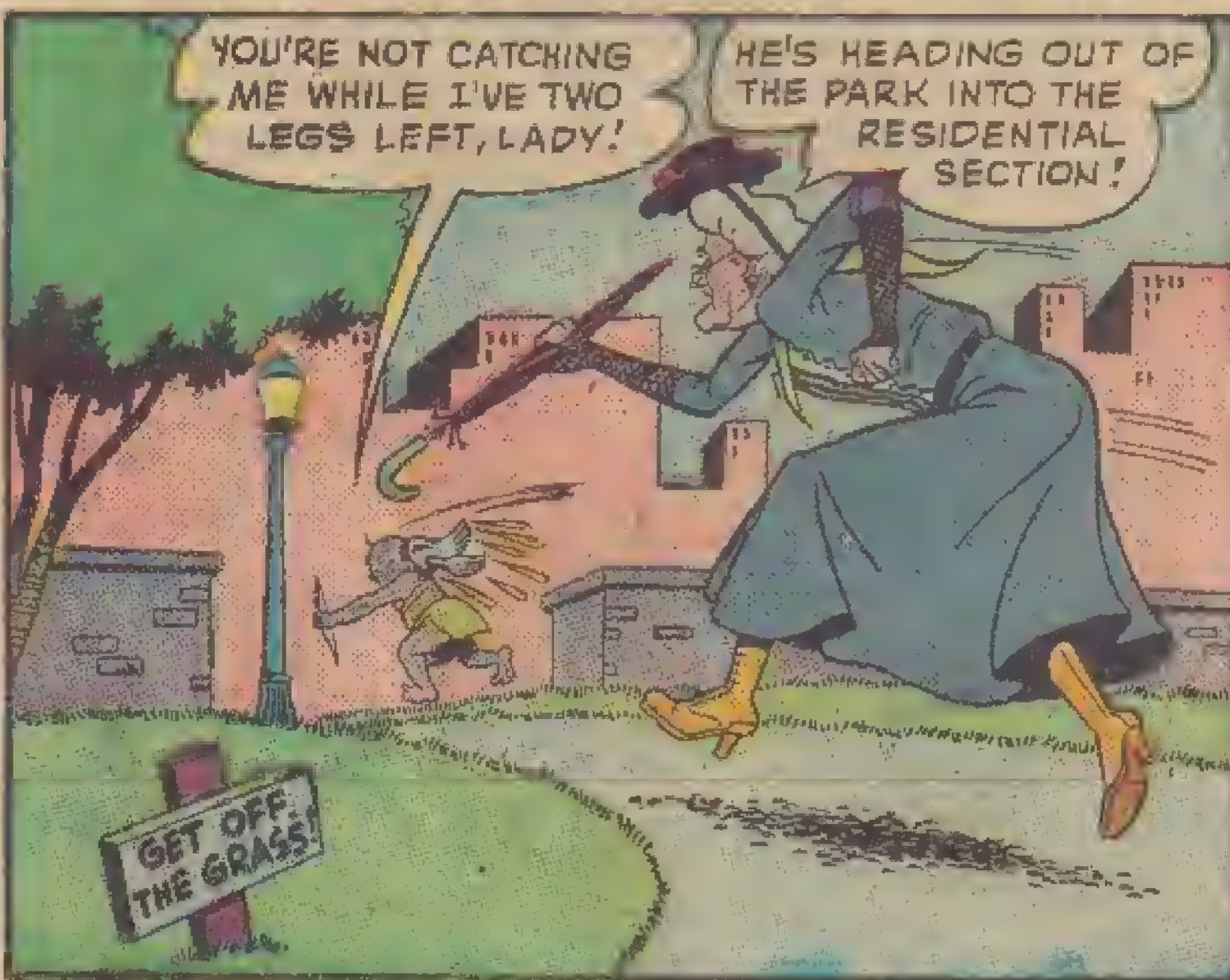
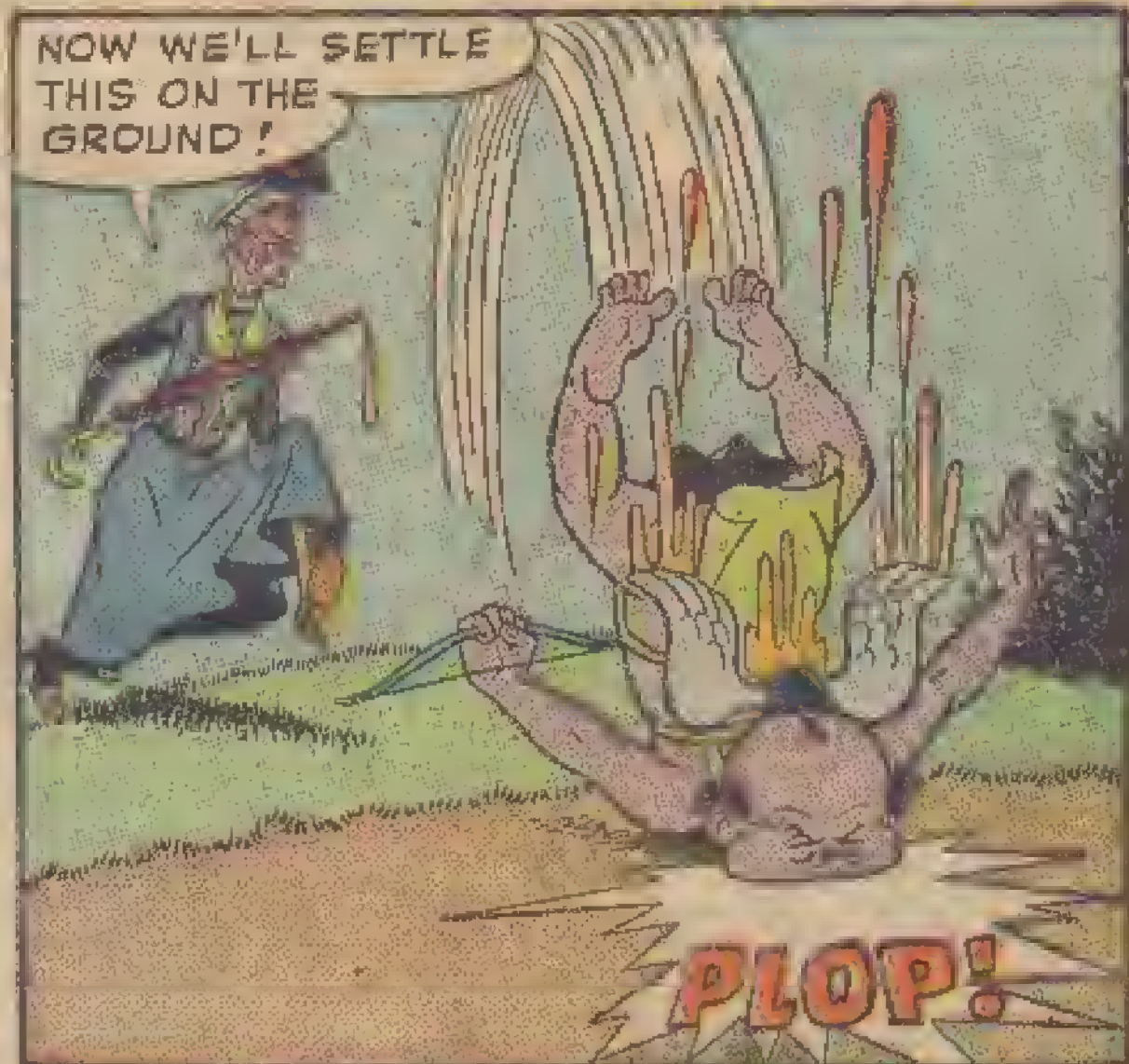
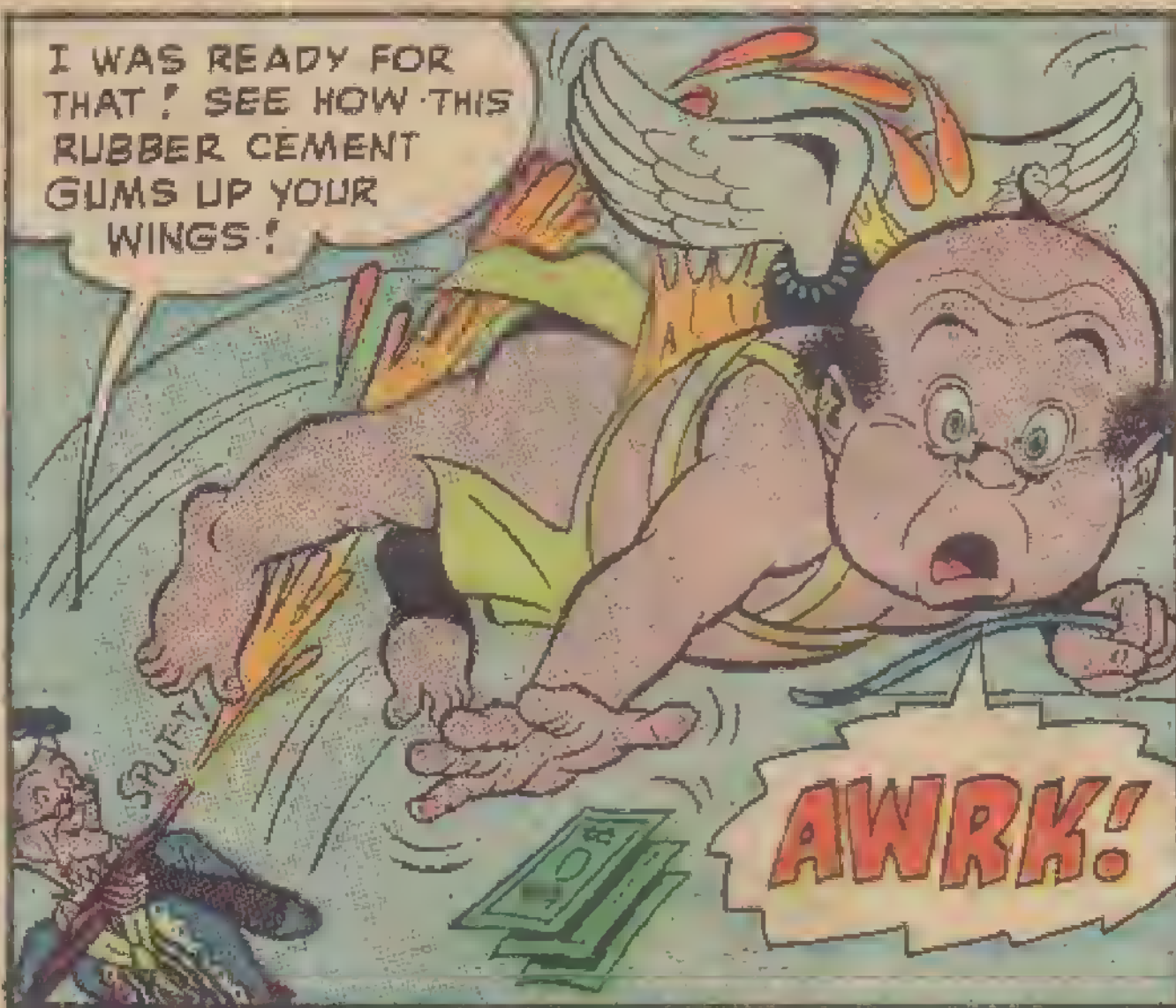
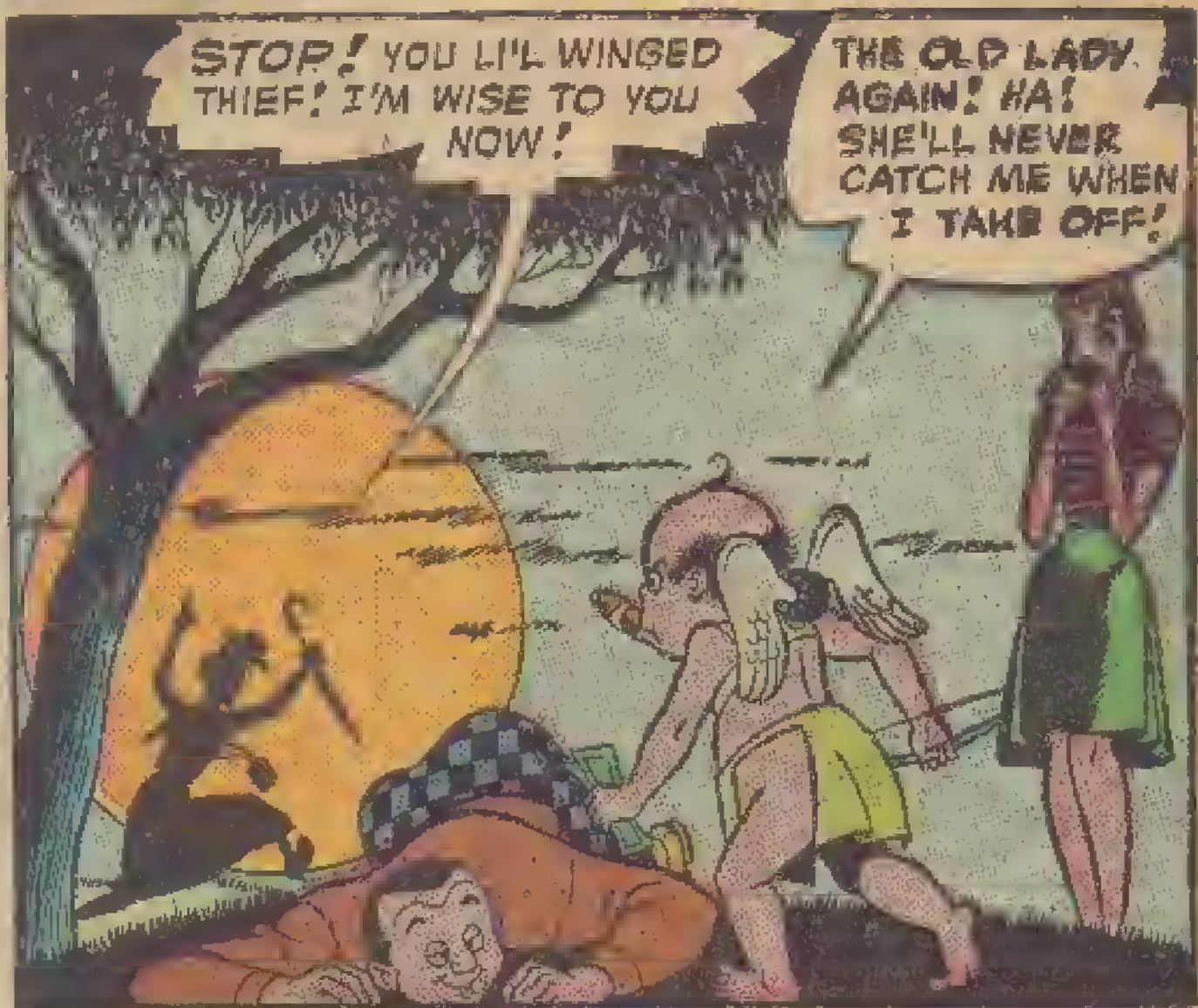
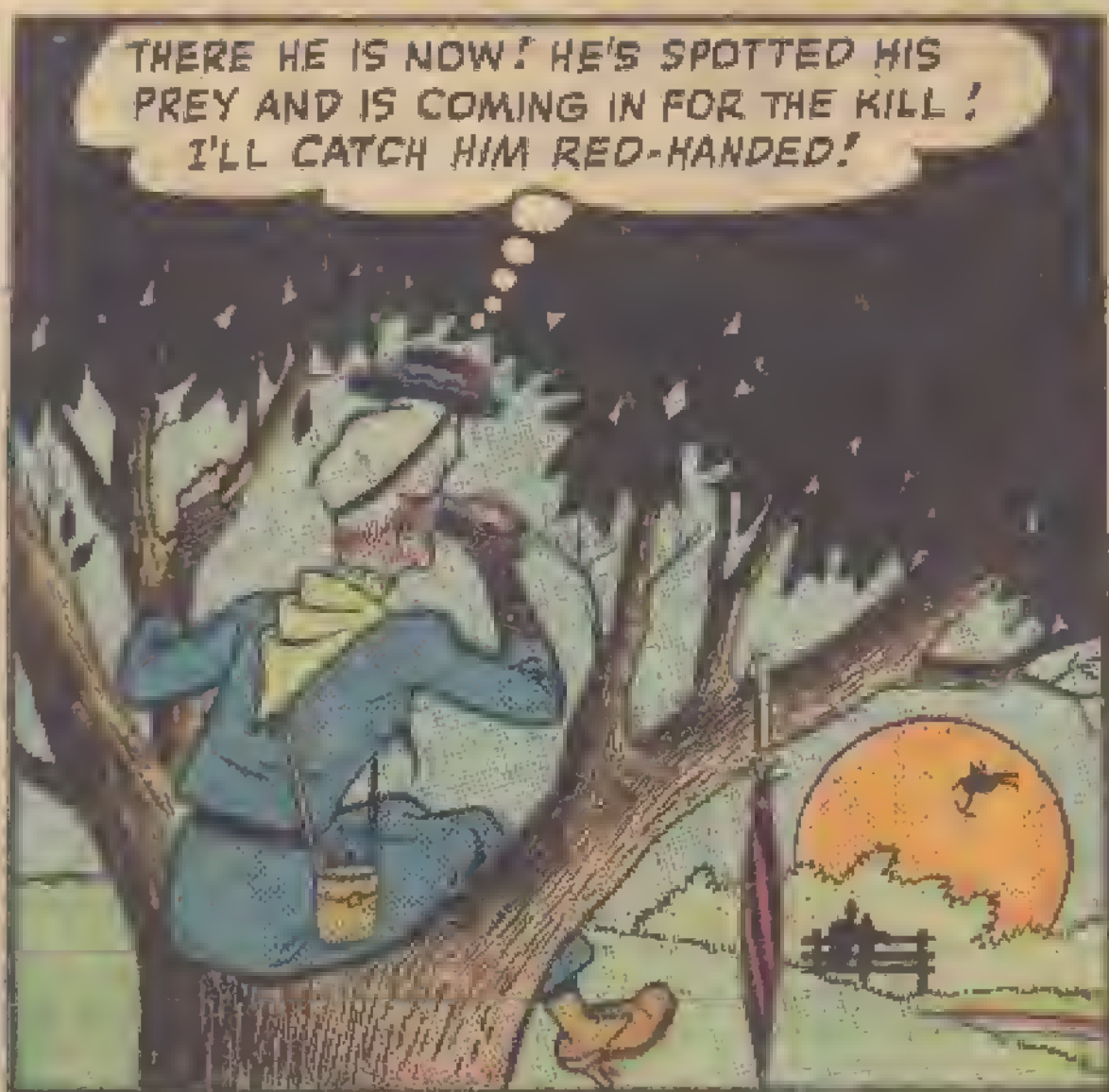
# GRANNY GUMSHOE



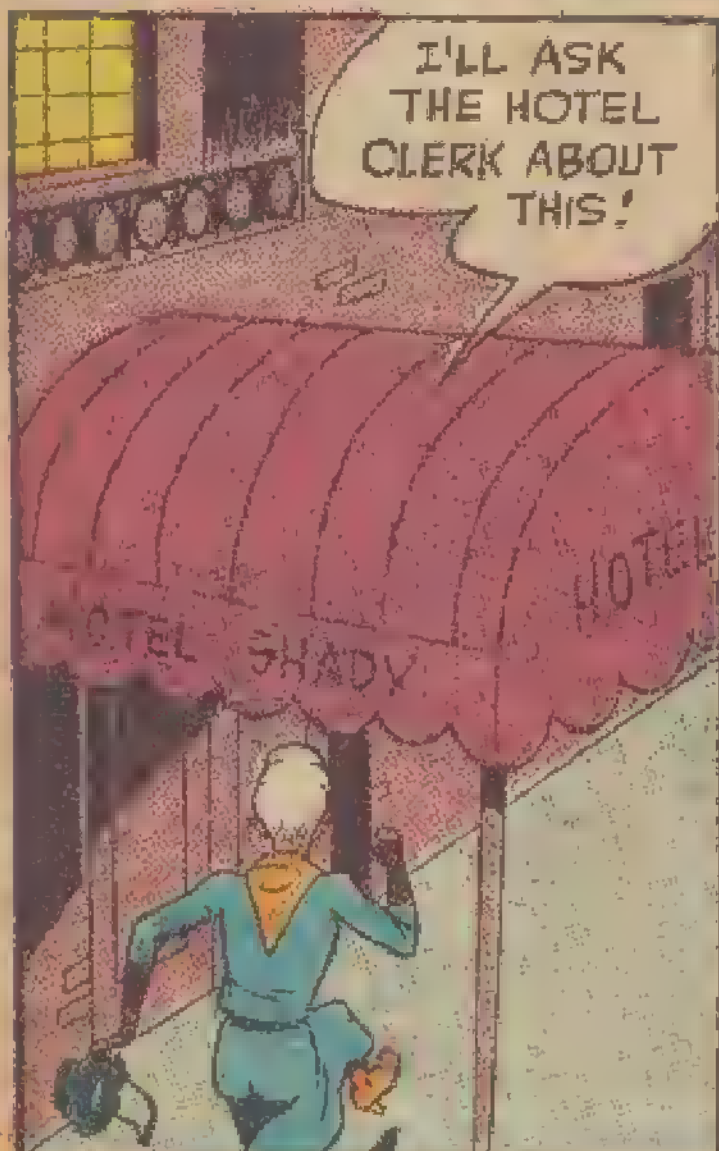
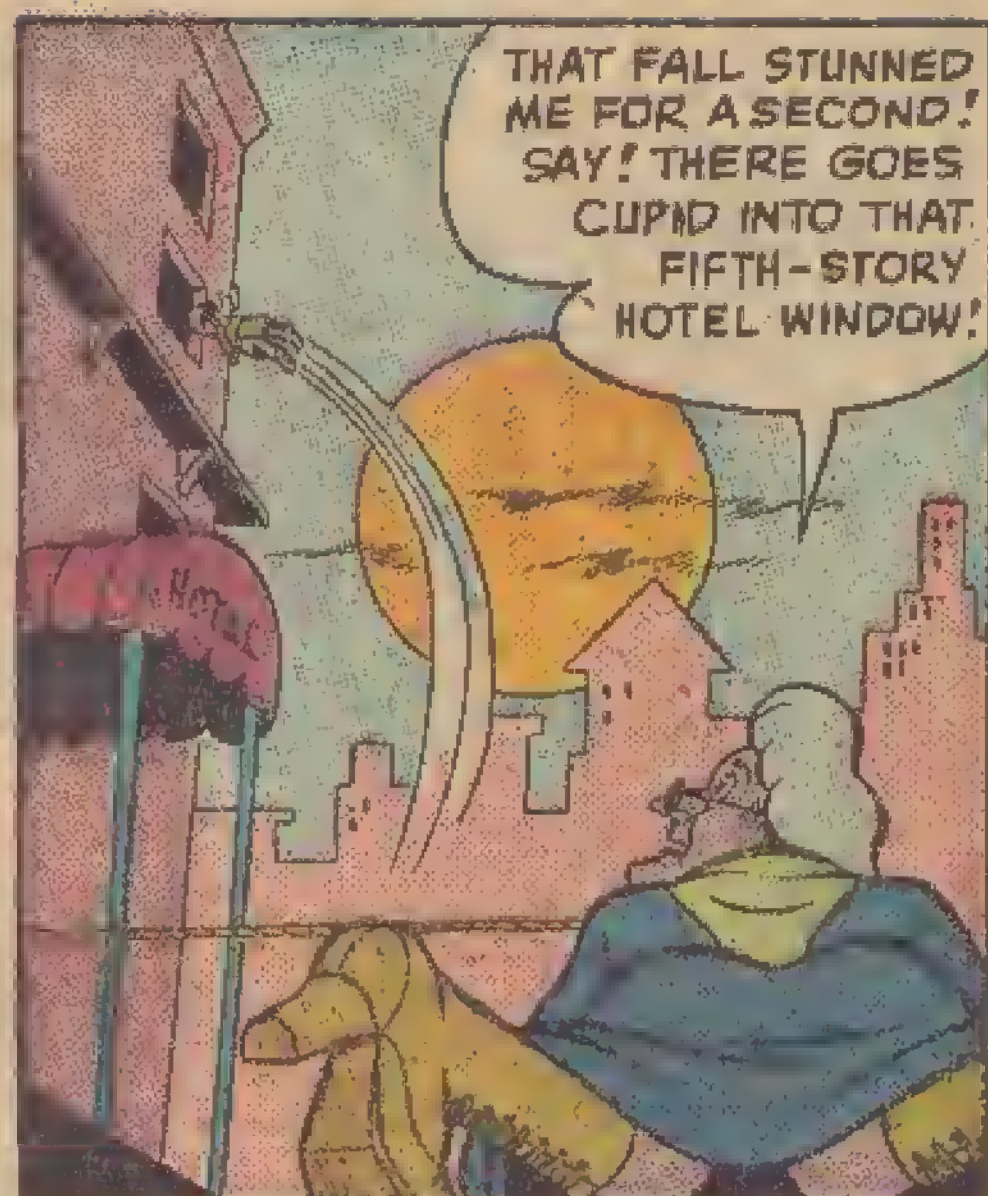
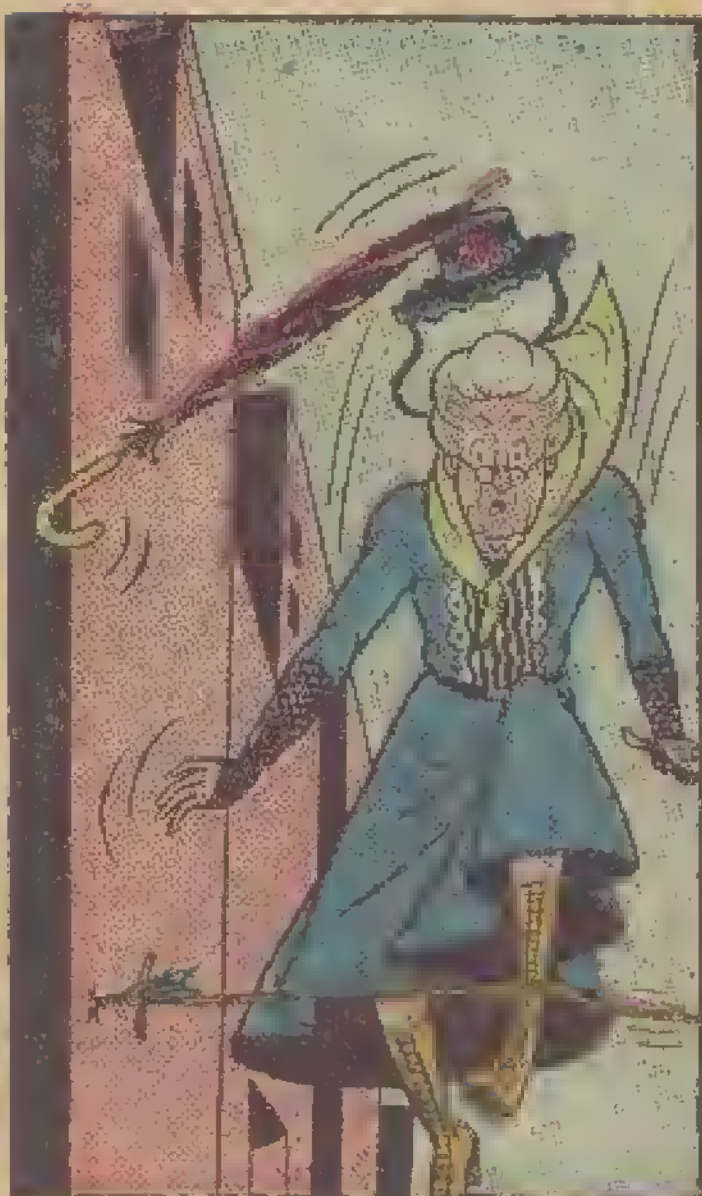




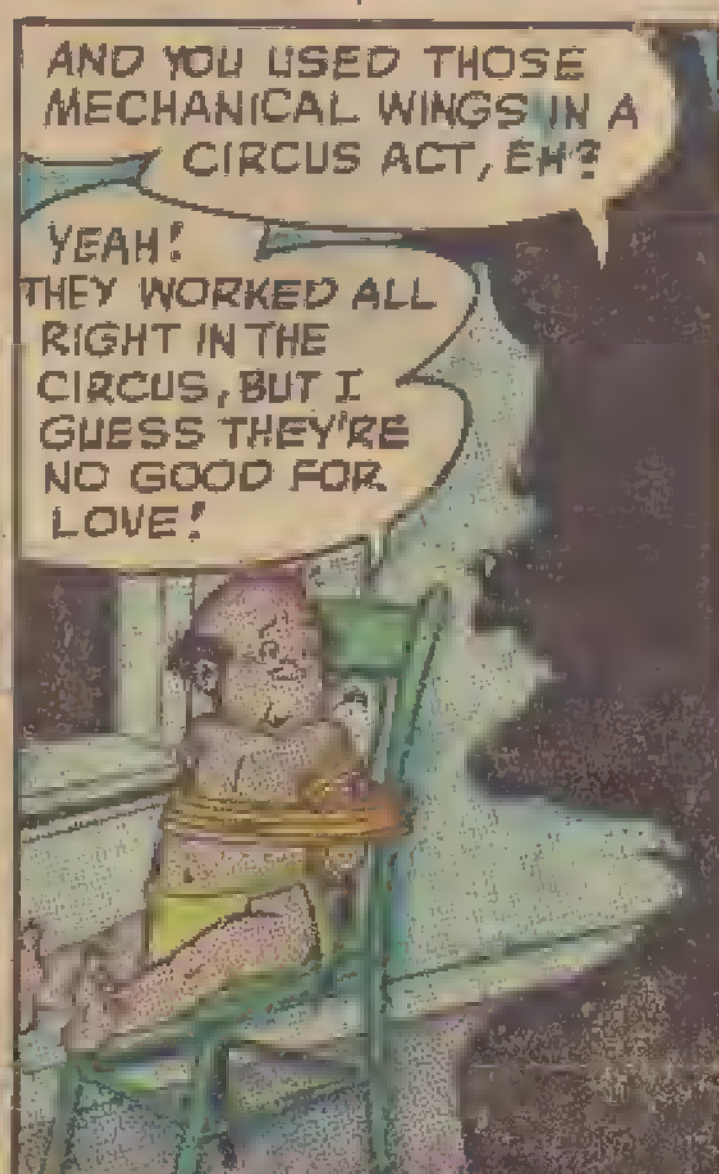
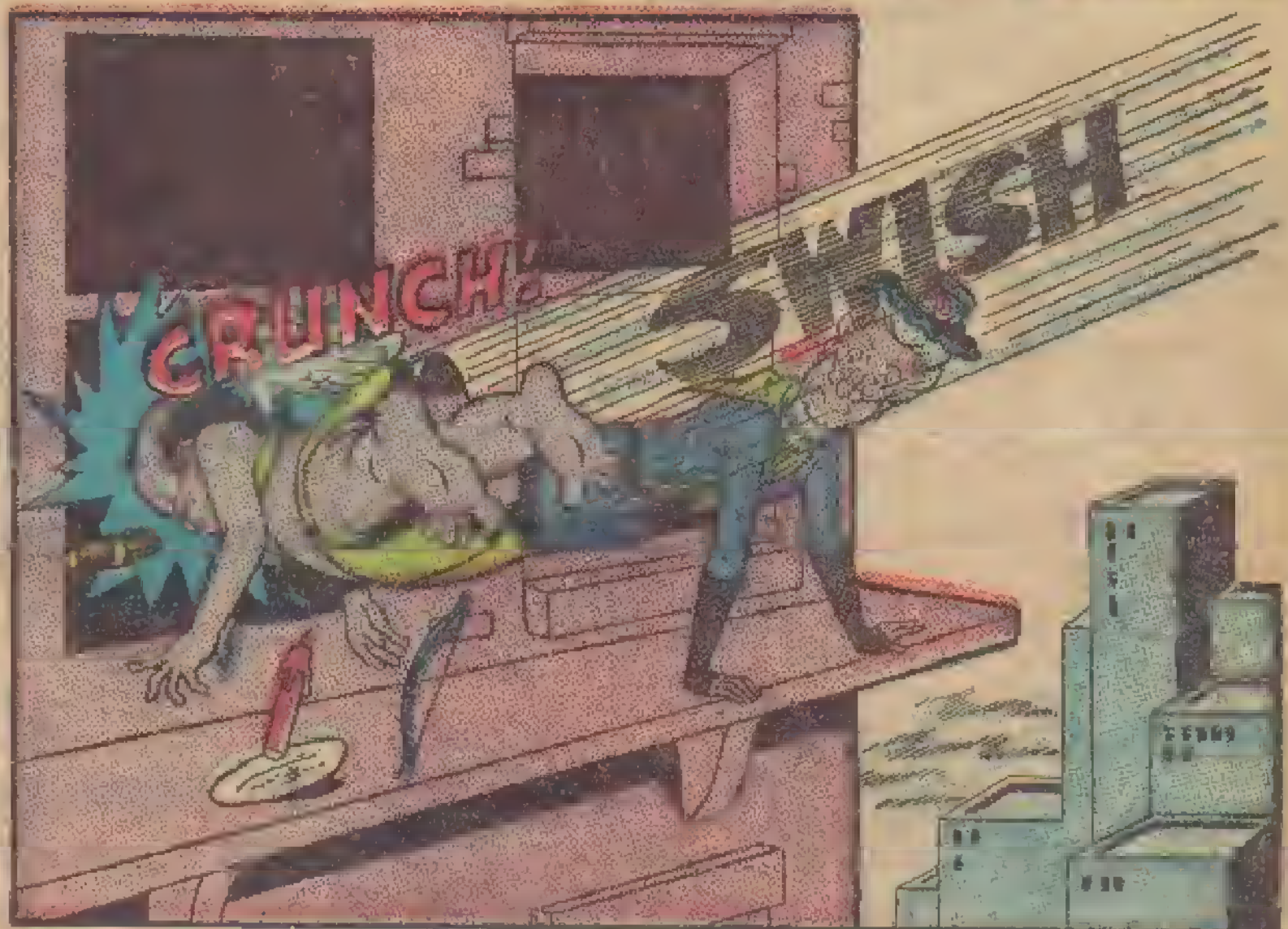
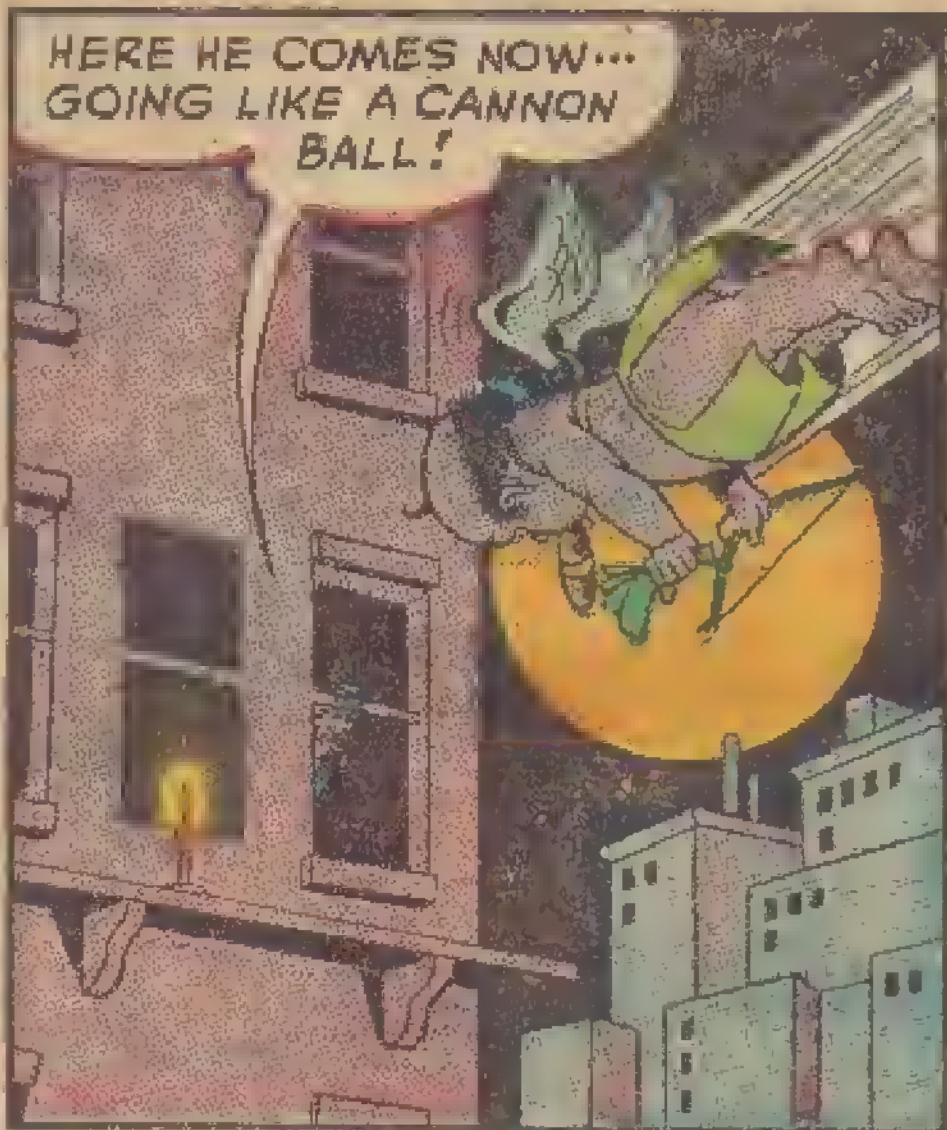
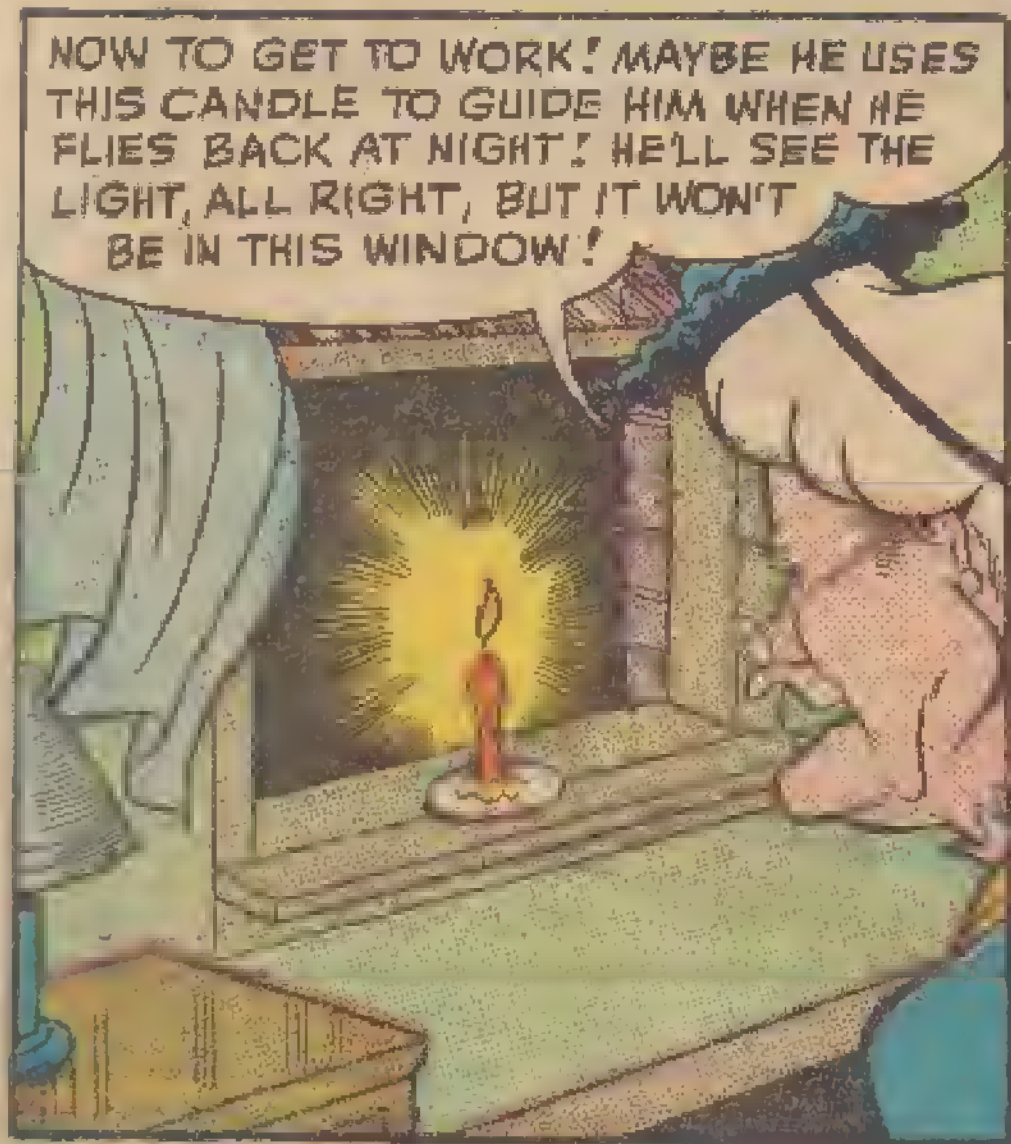








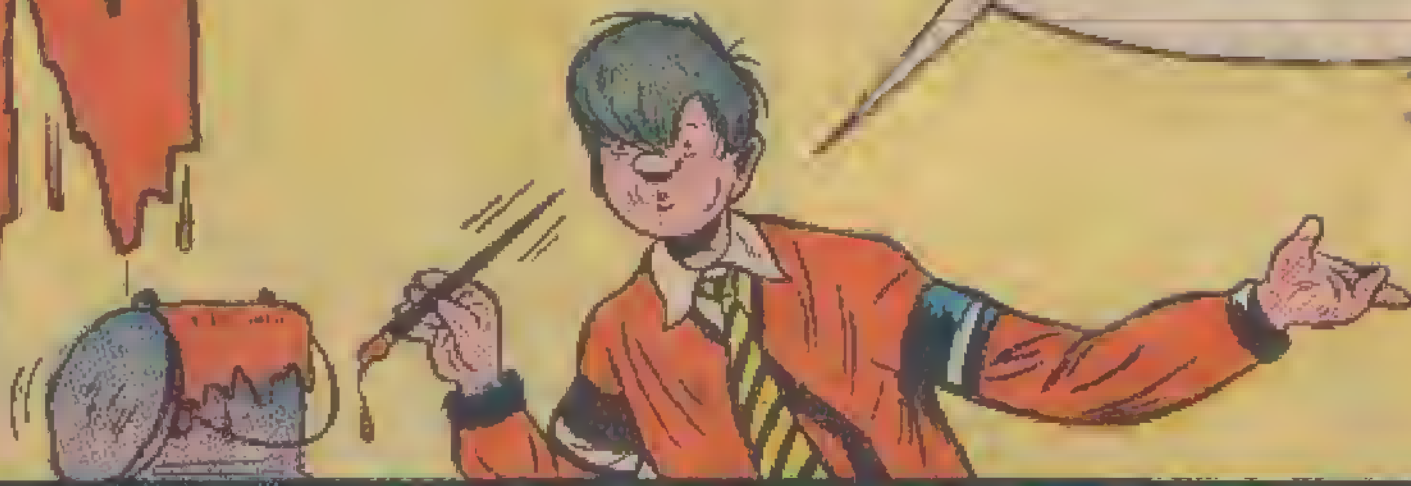






AN

SAY! HOW DO YOU SPELL  
**ANTHROP?**  
THAT'S ME NAME!



SOB!  
SNIFF!

!



KNOCK!  
KNOCK!

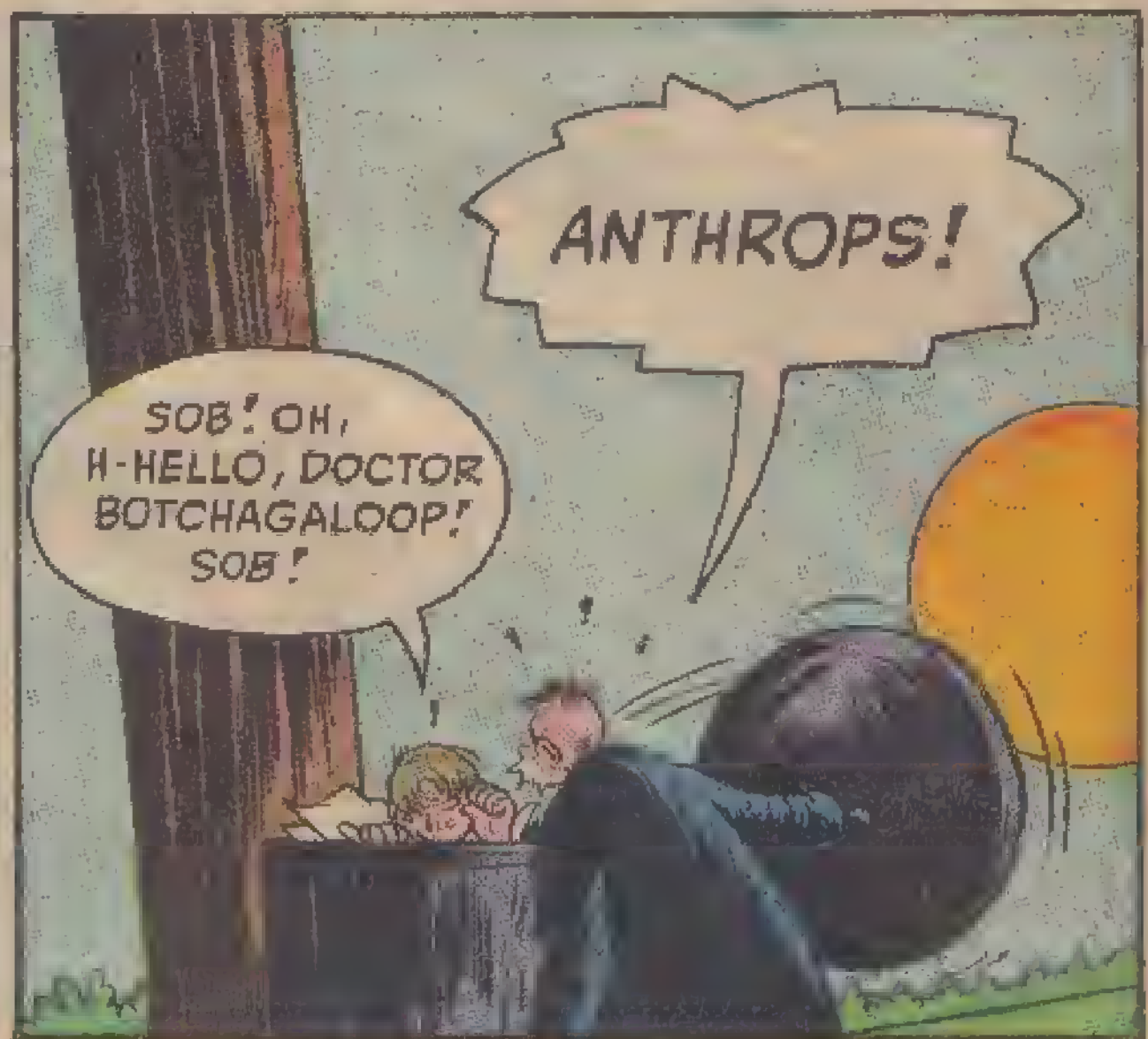
!

SOB!  
COME  
IN!

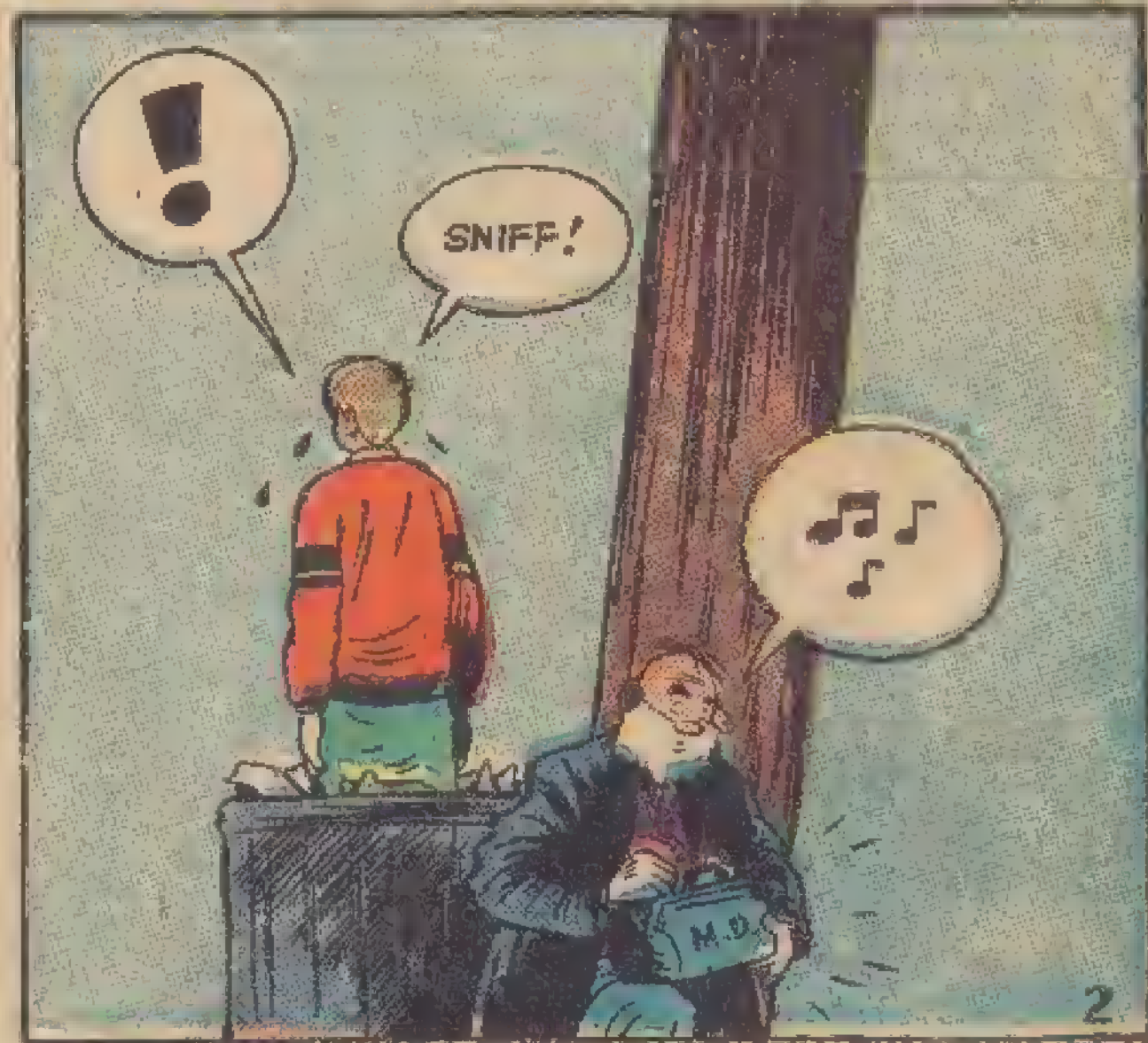
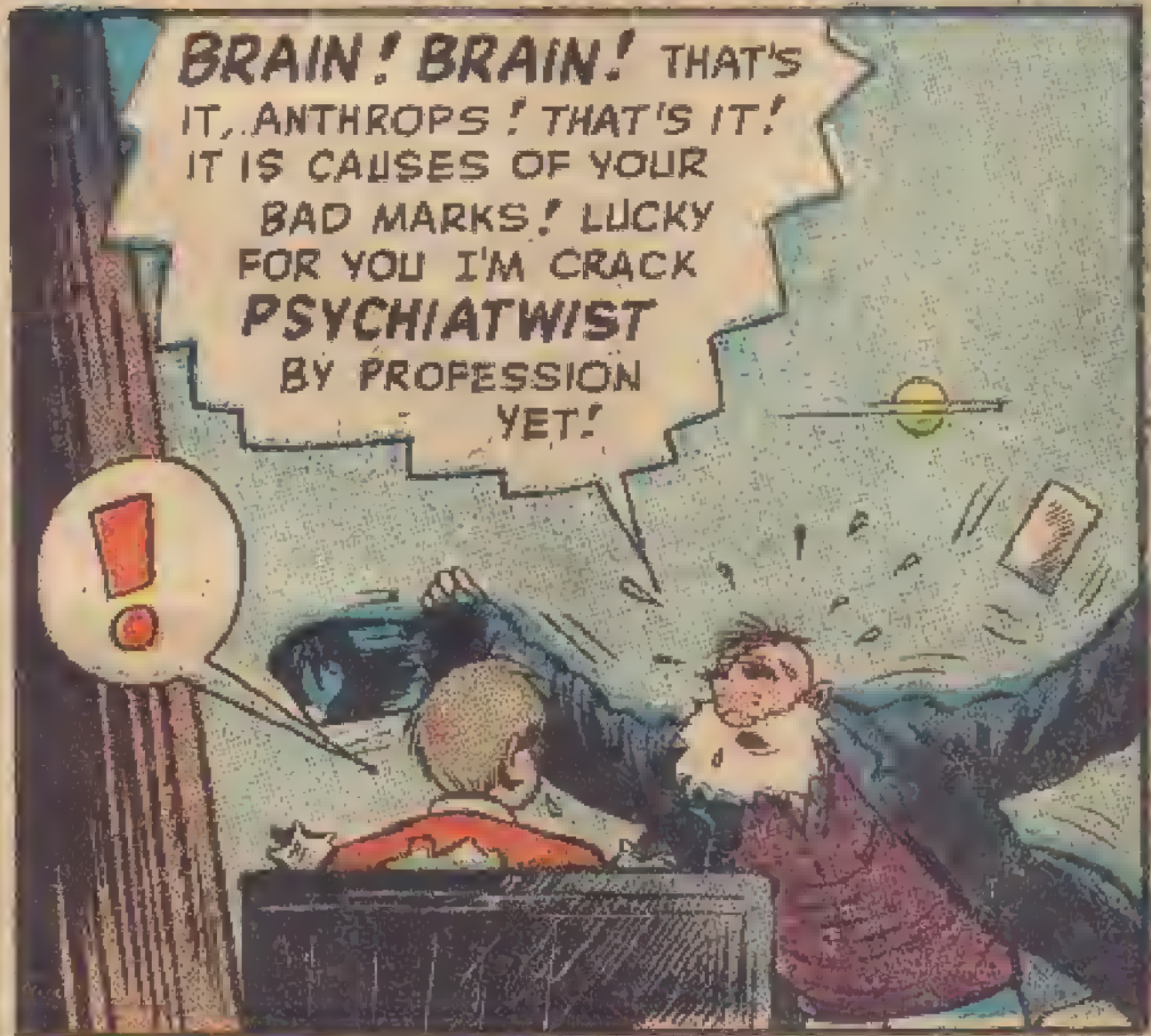
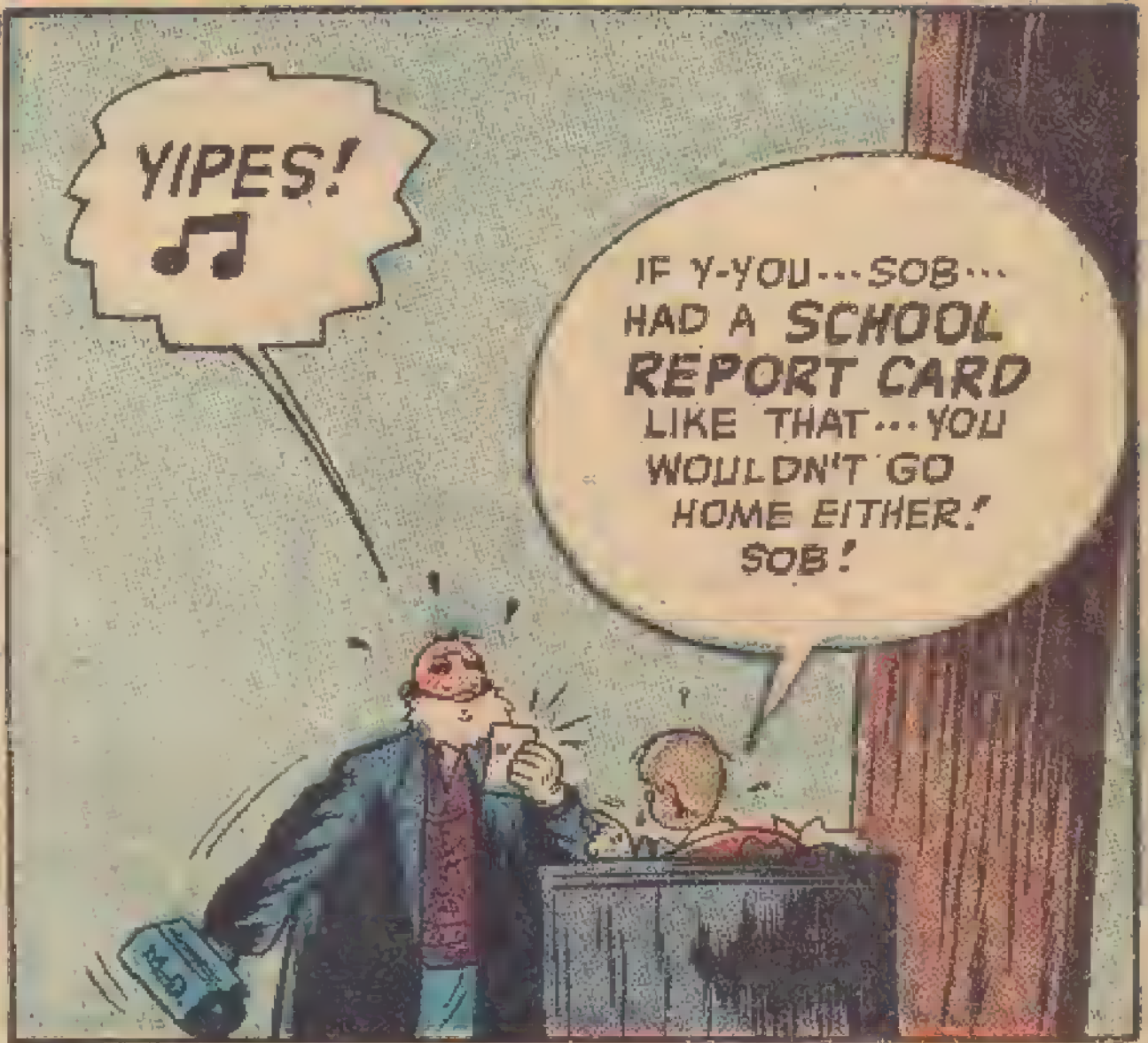
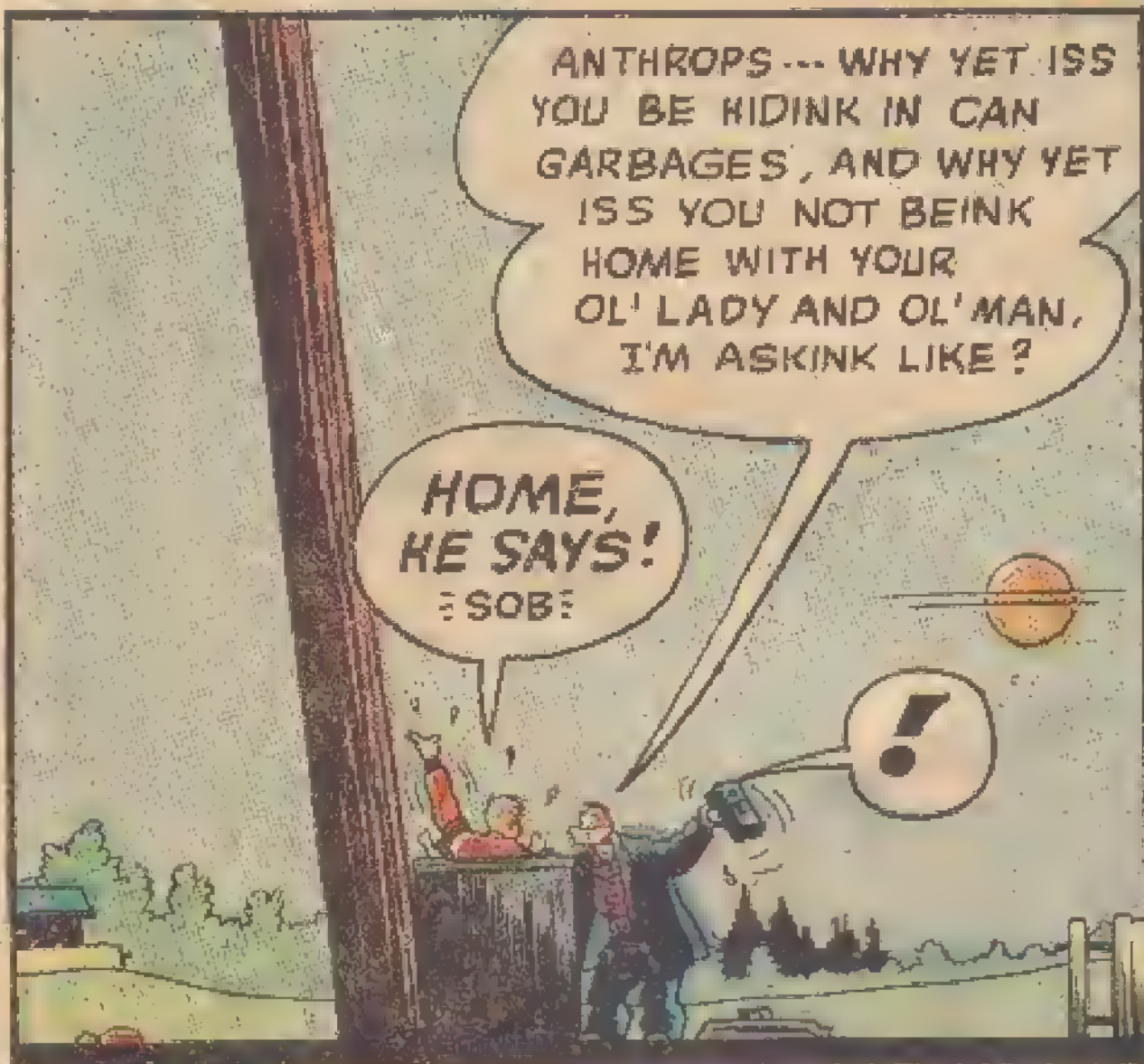


ANTHROPS!

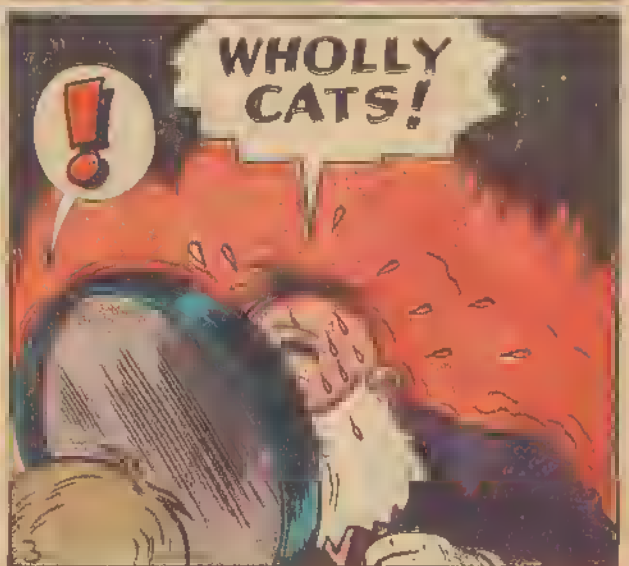
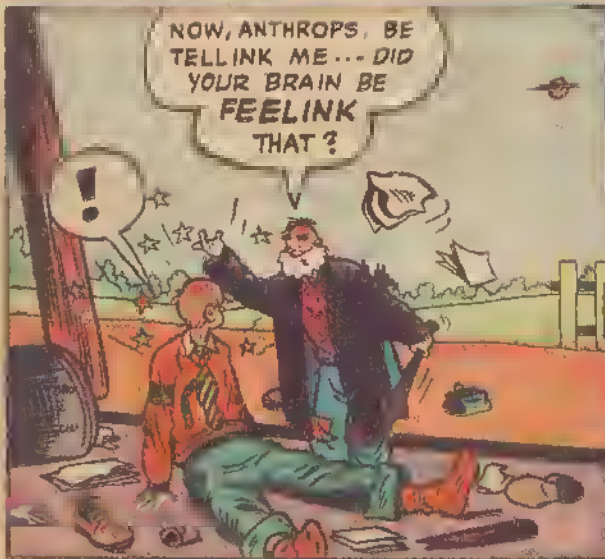
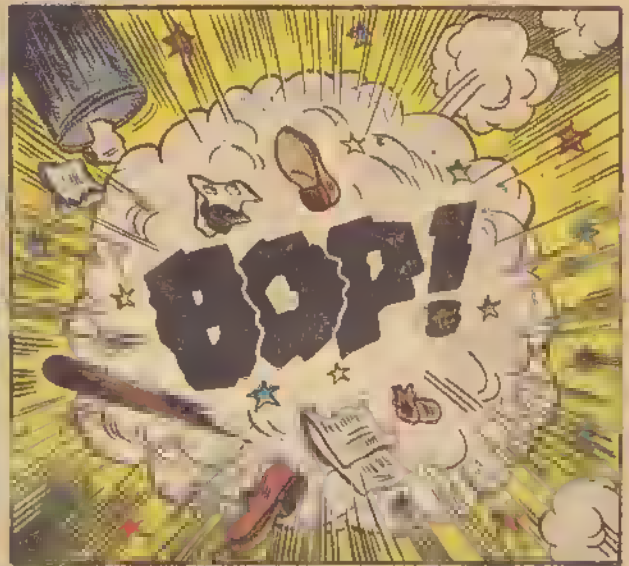
SOB! OH,  
H-HELLO, DOCTOR  
BOTCHAGALOO!  
SOB!



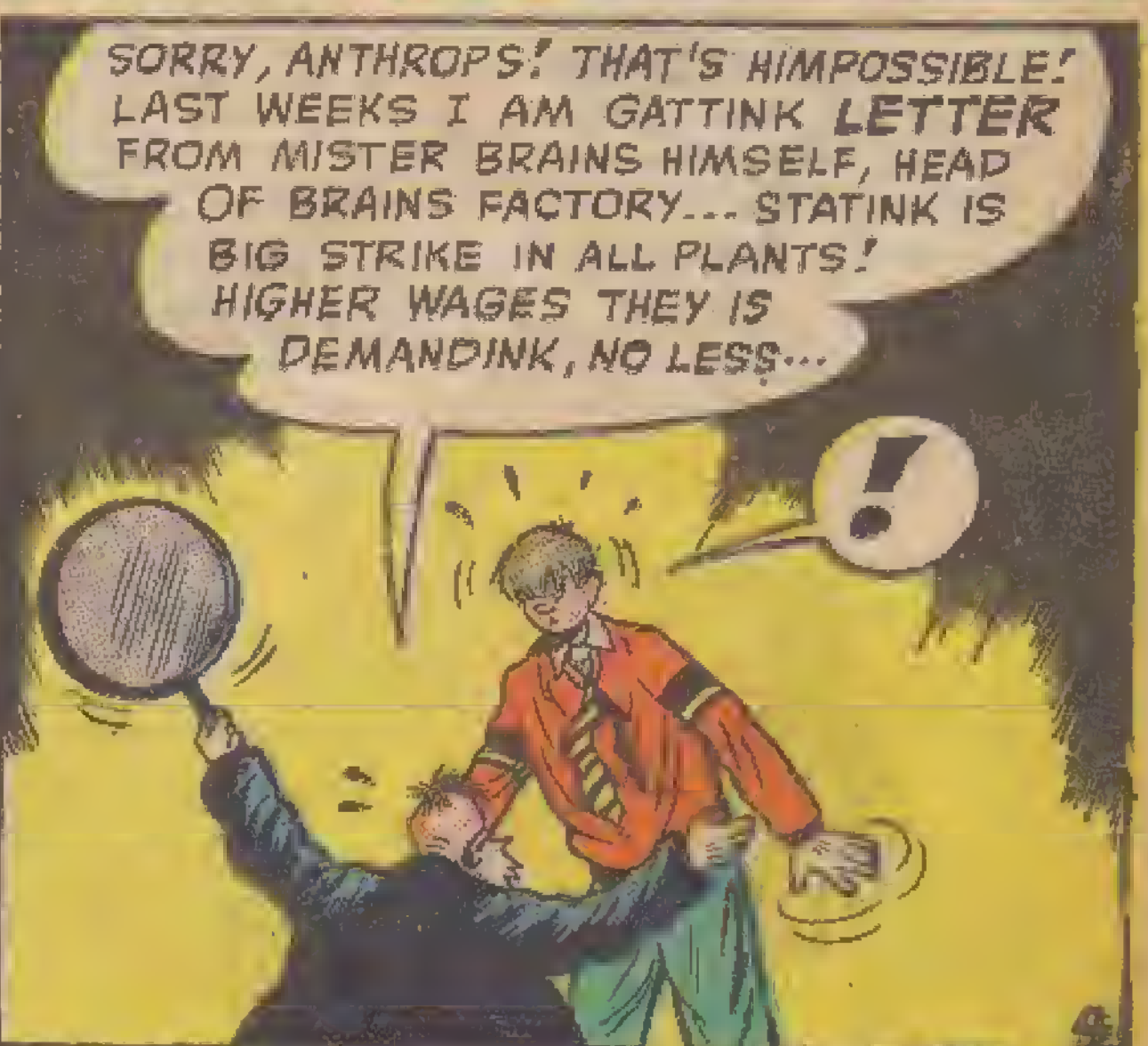
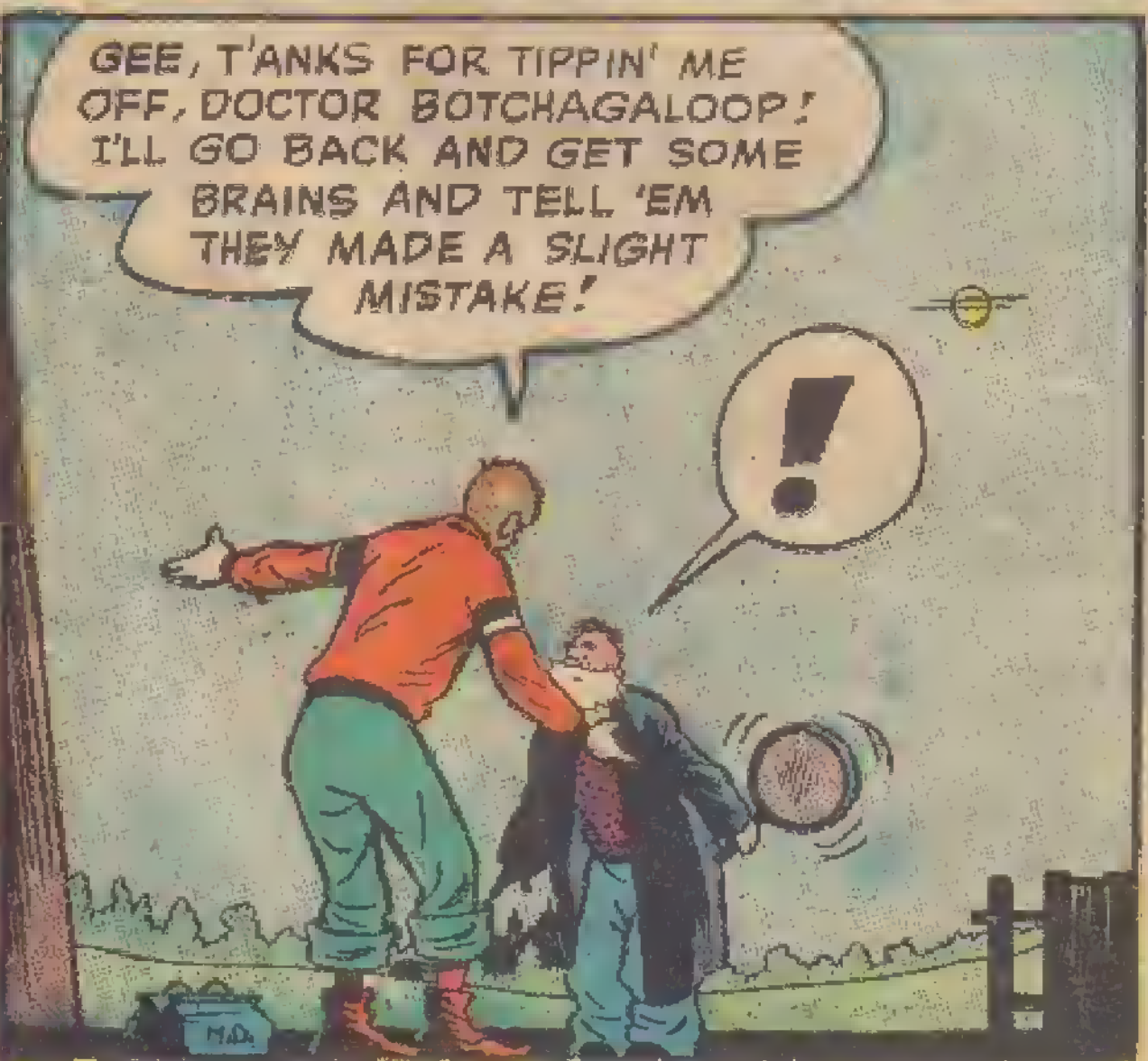
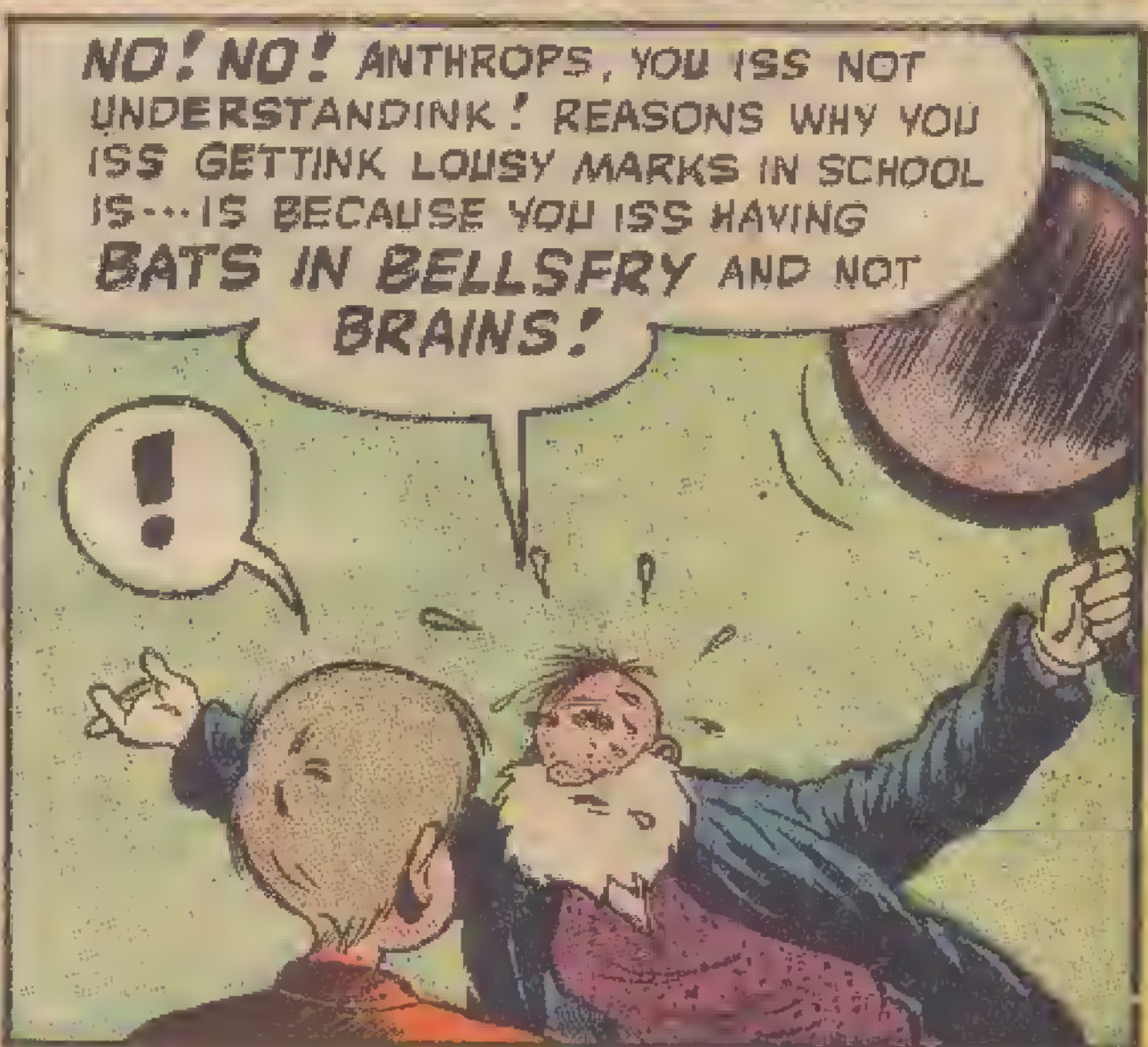
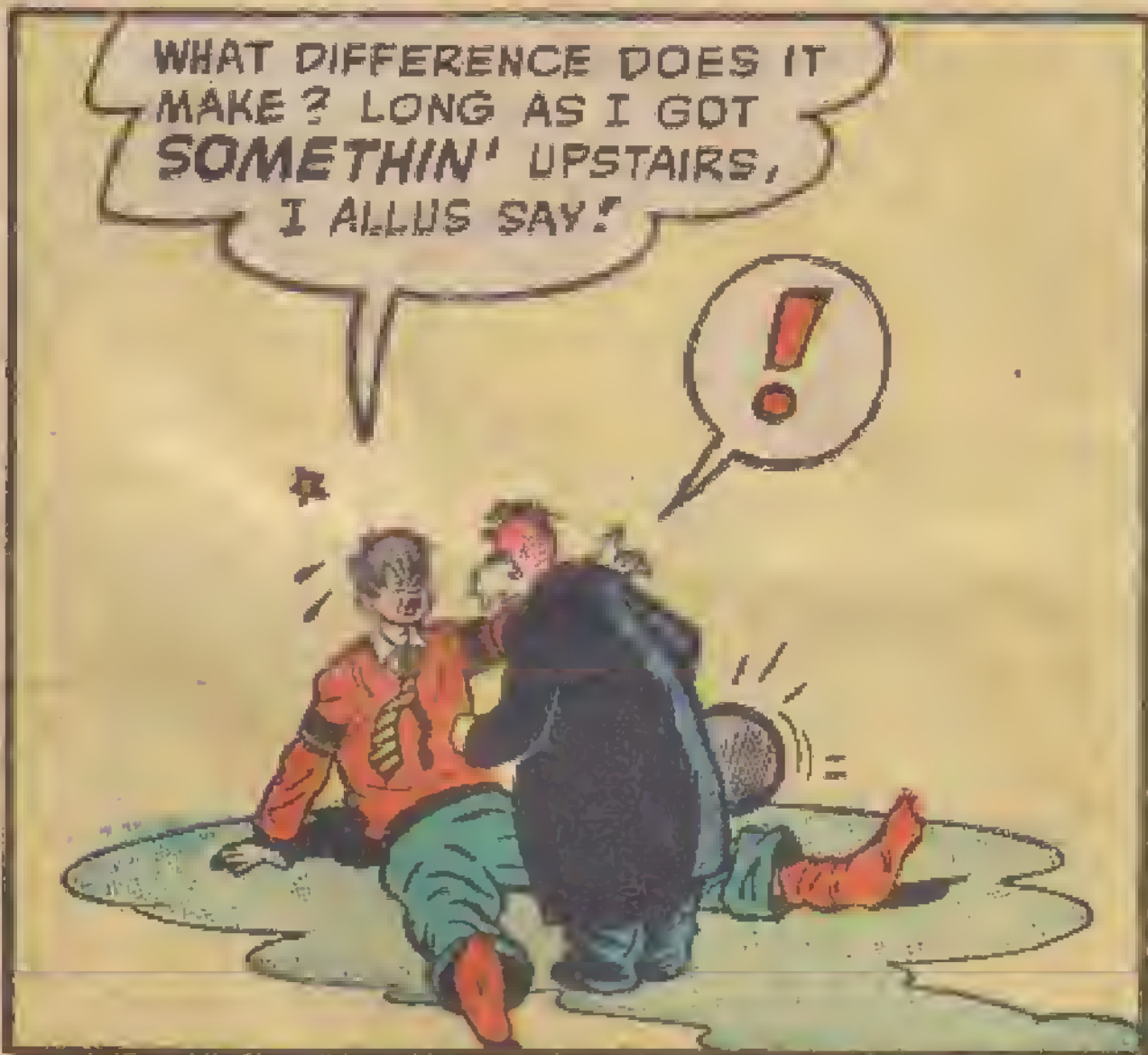
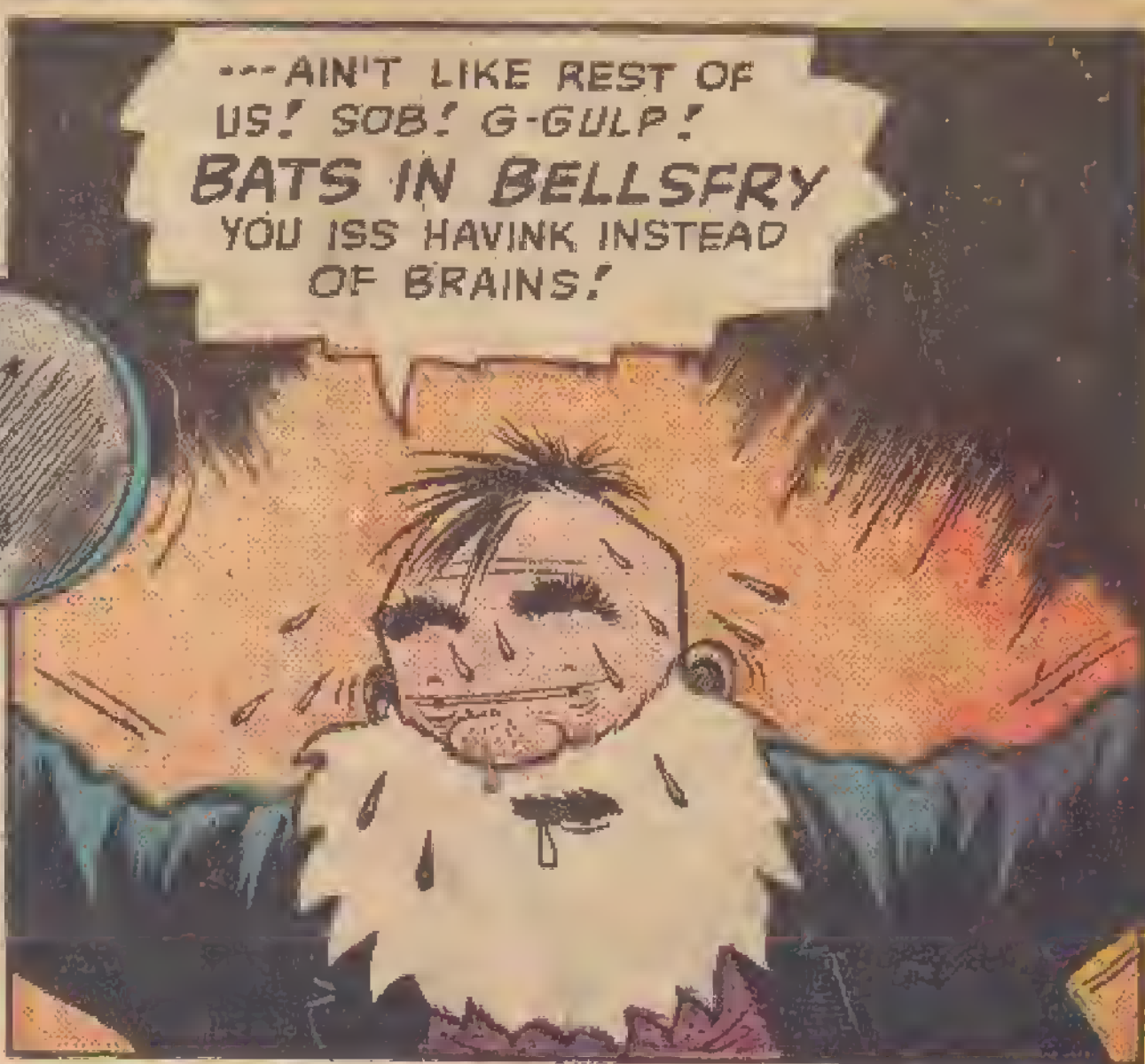




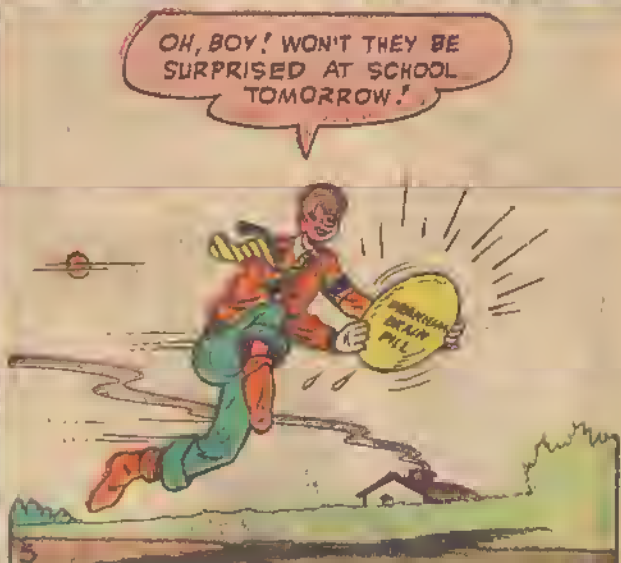
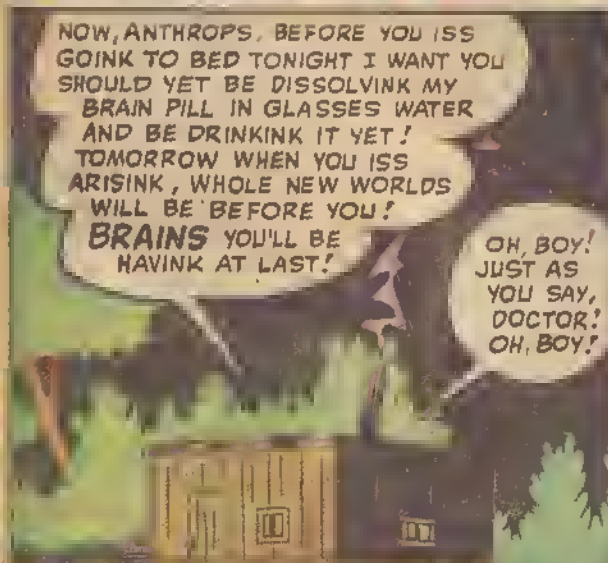
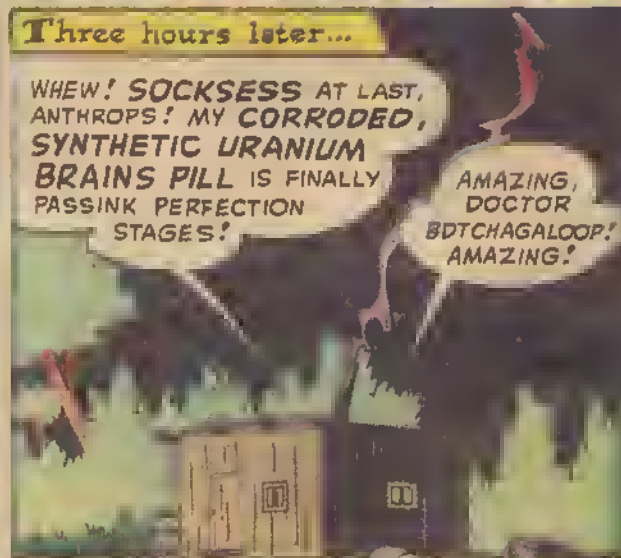
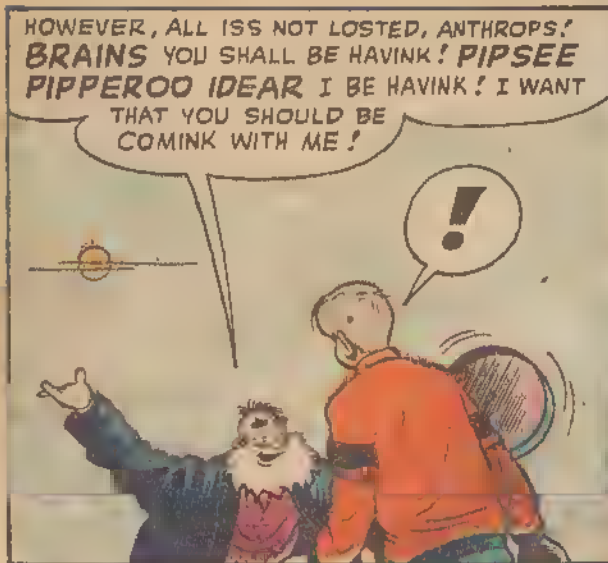








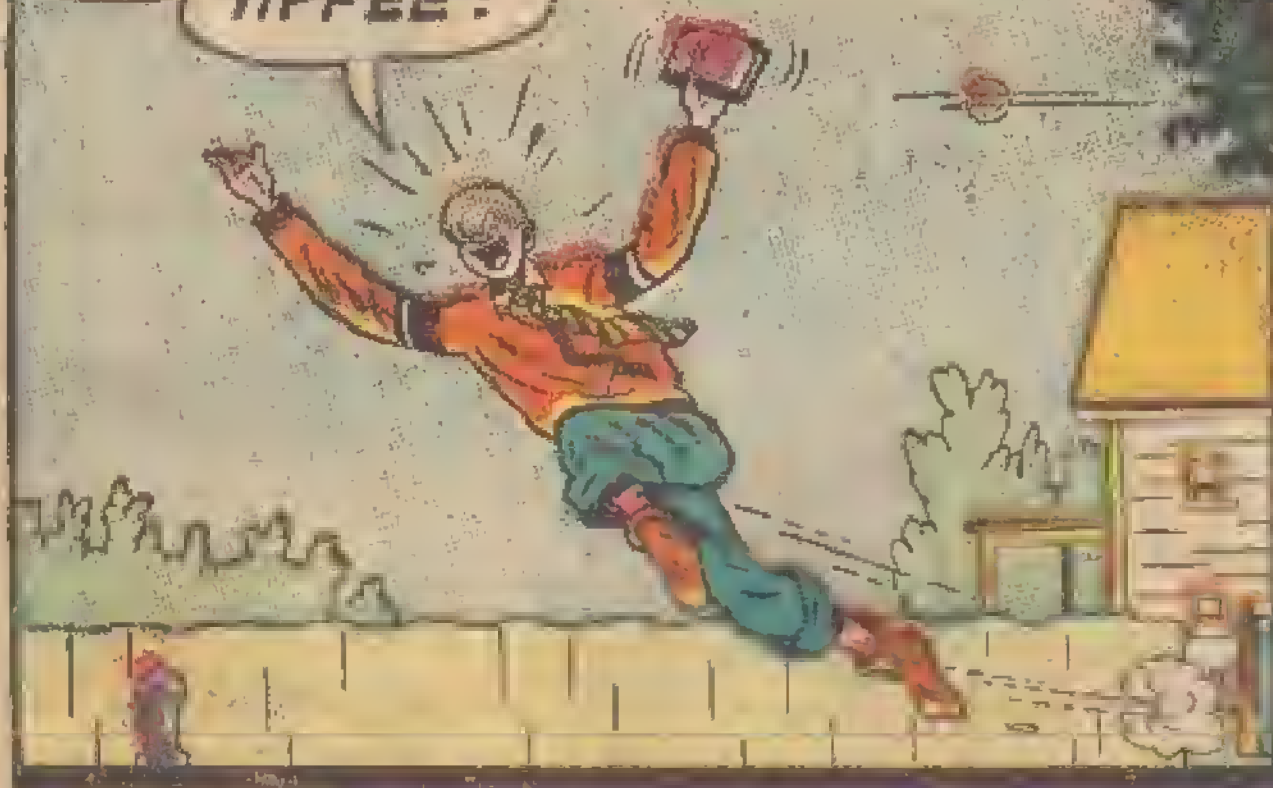






Next morning...

**YIPPEE!** WHAT A GRAND AN' GLORIOUS PECULIAR FEELING! NOBODY SHOULD BE WITHOUT THOSE PILLS! SCHOOL...HERE I COME!  
**YIPPEE!**



Six hours later...

**DOCTOR BOTCHAGALOO!** OPEN UP! OPEN UP! IT AIN'T THE COPS! IT'S ME! ANTHROP!



**BOTCHAGALOO!** SOB! THEM BRAINS YOU G-GAVE ME... SOB!... IS **NO GOOD!** NOT ONLY DID I GET **ZERO MINUS** IN EVERY SUBJECT... BUT I WAS DEMOTED FROM THE EIGHTH GRADE TO THE FOURTH!  
**WAH!**

**YIPES!**

DUNCE



NOW! NOW! BE CALMINK YOURSELF, ANTHROPS! **SIT DOWN!** LEAVE ME BE GIVINK YOUR NOGGINS. ANOTHER X-RAY EXAMINATIONS! COULD BE YET MY BRAIN PILL ISS NEEDINK A LITTLE MORE TIMES TO BE TAKING AFFECTION!

SOB

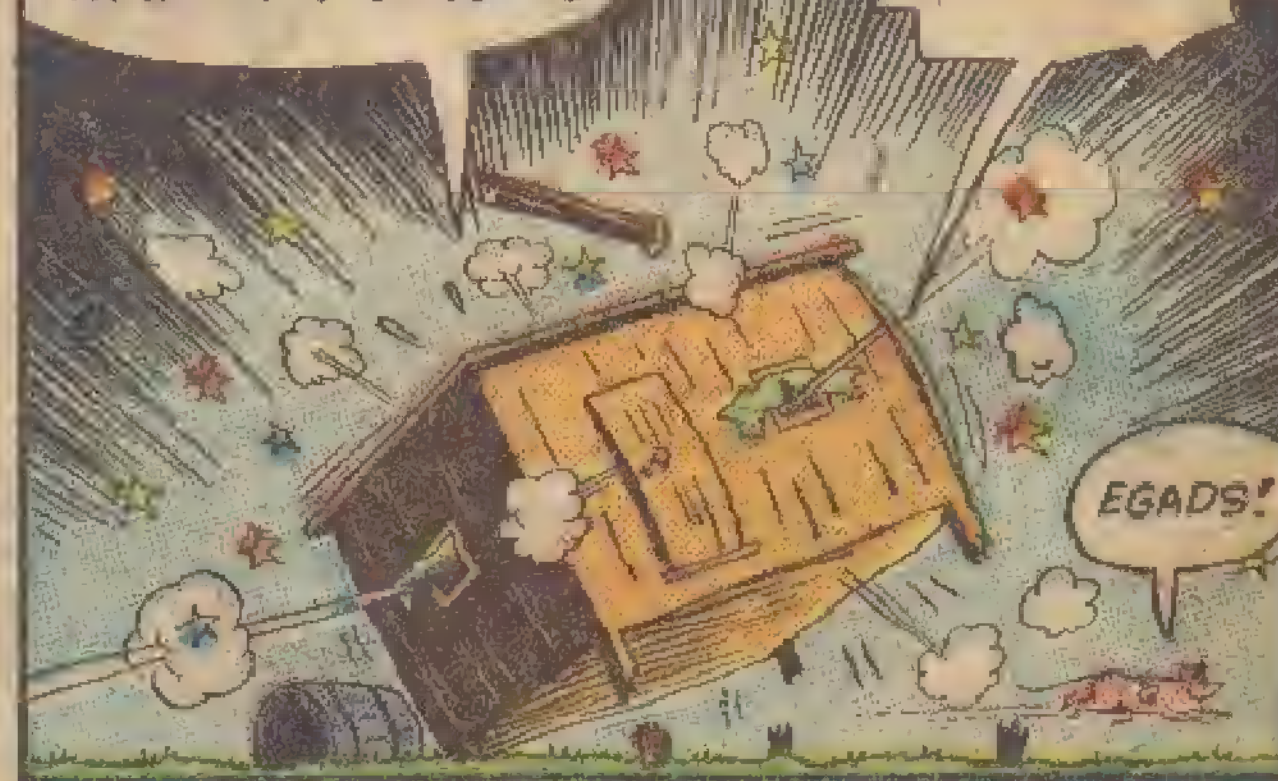


Ten minutes later...

ANTHROPS! AFTER EXAMINATIONS... I AM FINDINK **BRAINS**, BUT NOT IN YOUR NOGGINS! JUST BE GIVINK 'EM A LITTLE TIME. TO FAMILIARIZE THEMSELVES IN THEIR NEW HOME! IN DUE TIME THEY WILL BE ACTINK IN NORMAL FASHIONS...

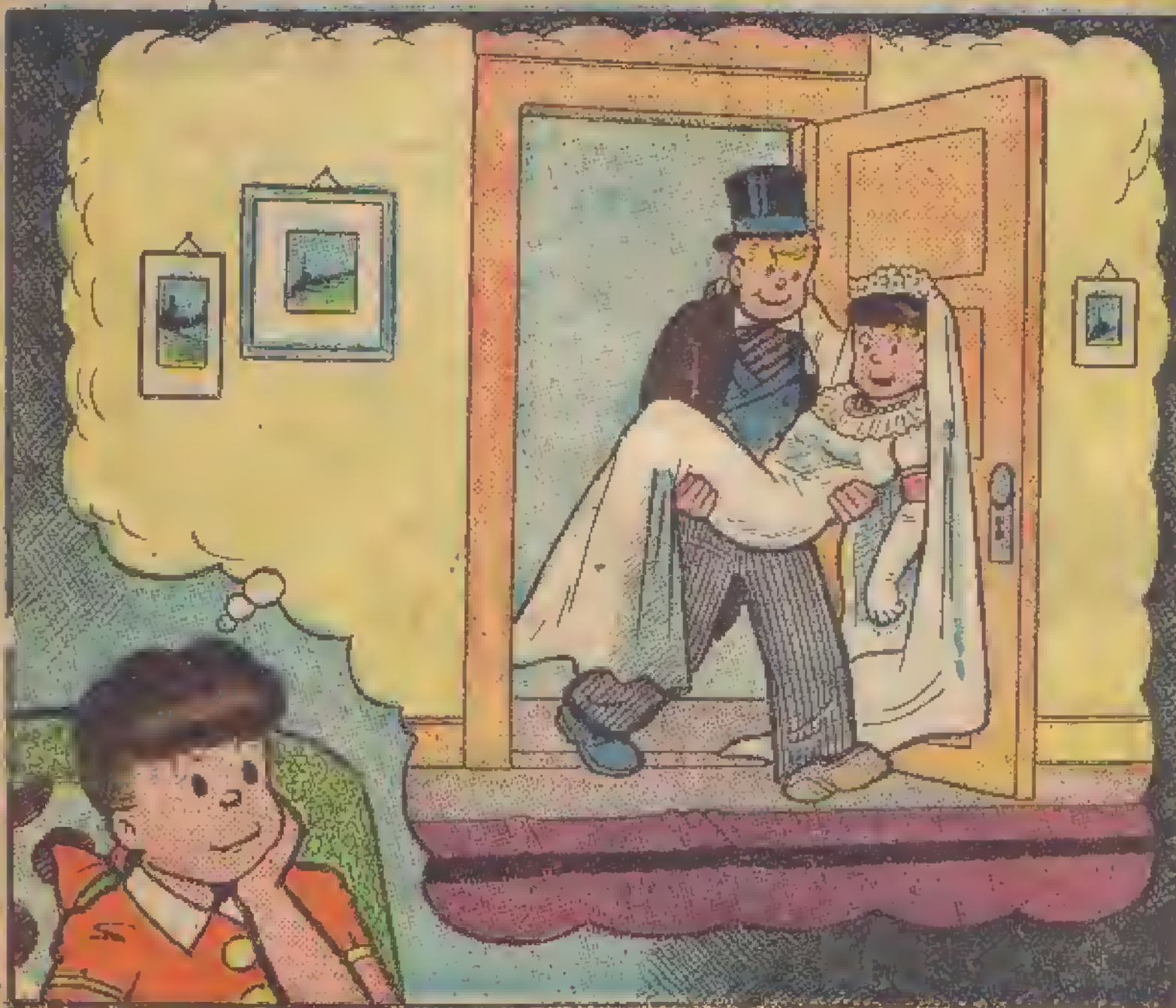
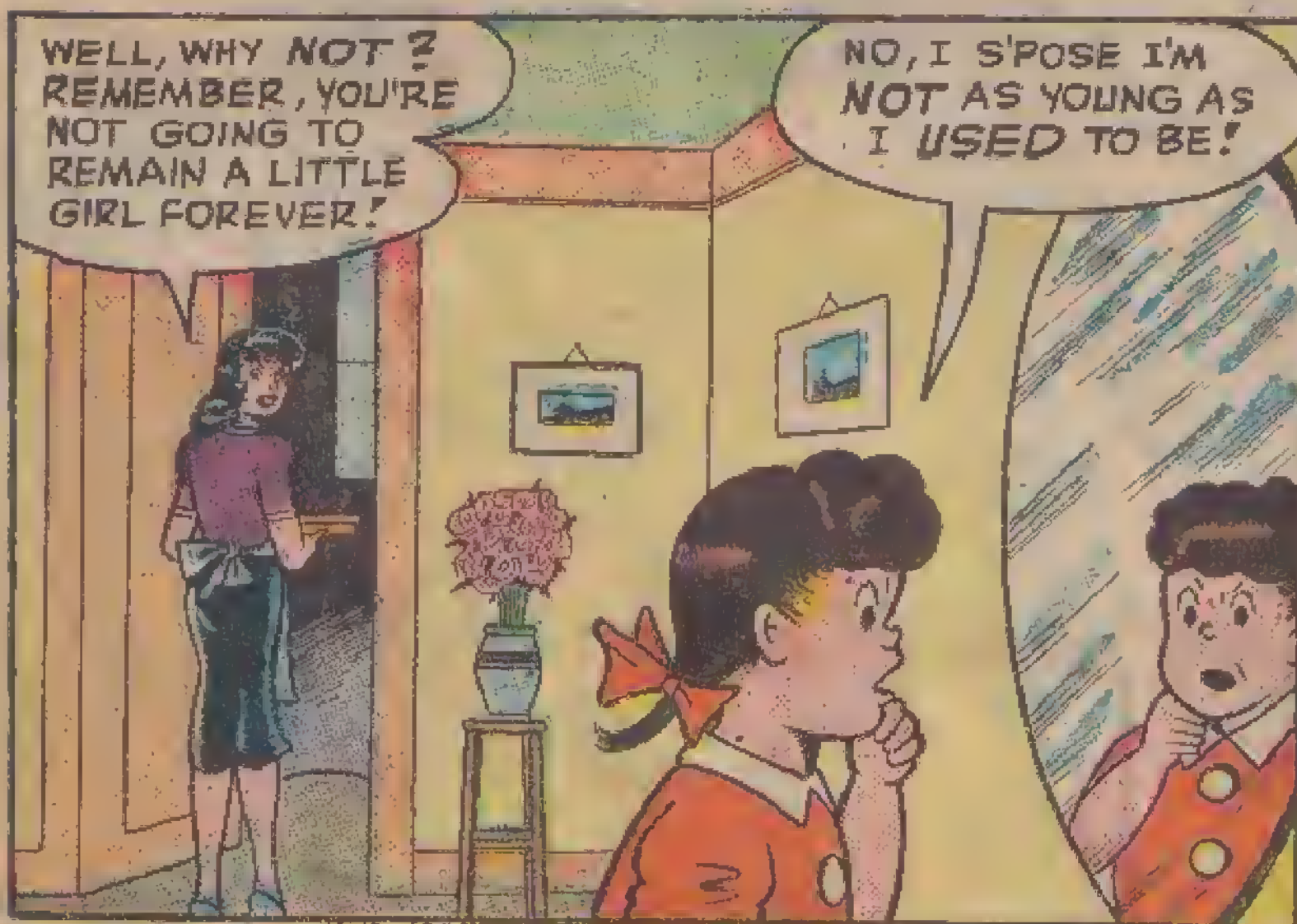
**HALP! HALP! OUCH!** ANTHROPS, PLEASE! OUCH! CAN I BE---BE---HELPINK--- IF **BATS** IN YOUR BELLSFRY WON'T GET OUT?  
**HALP! POLICE!**

See #!!!? WHO EVER HEARD OF BRAINS IN THE FEET? See #\*\*!!!?

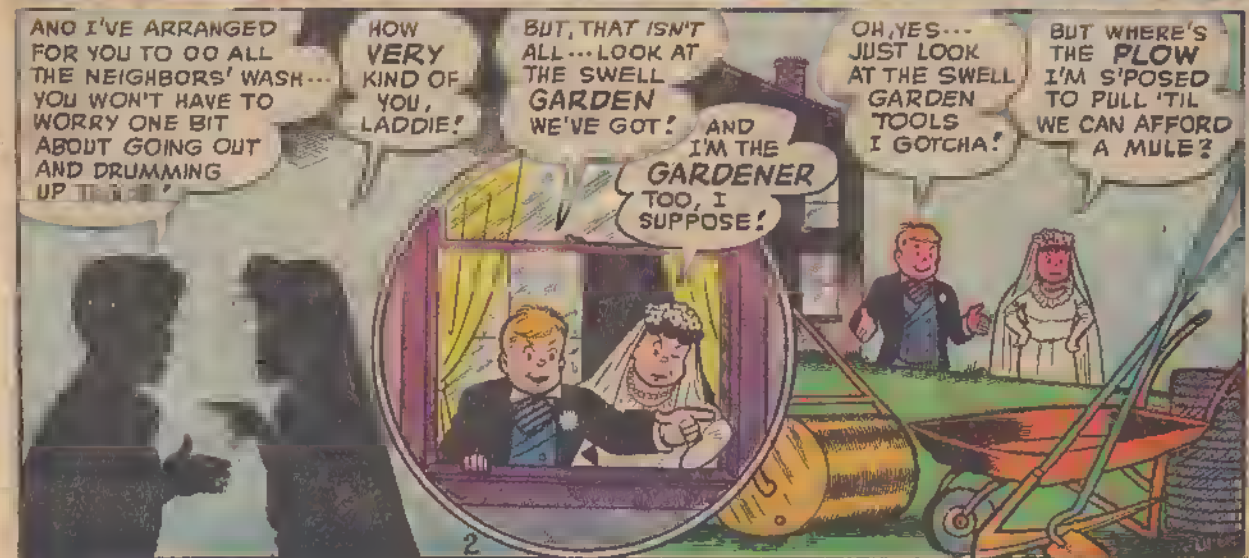
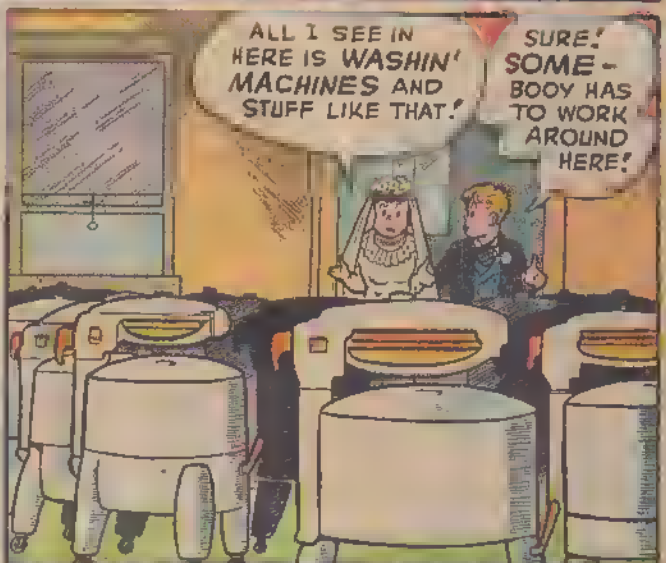
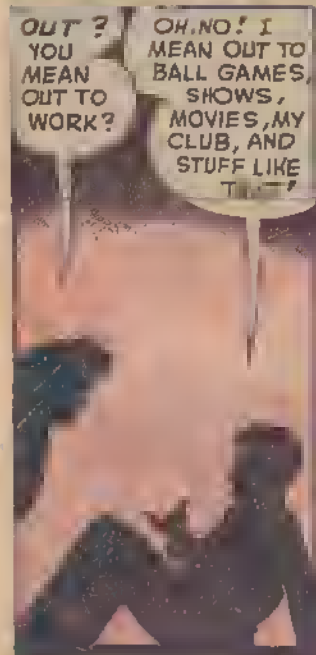
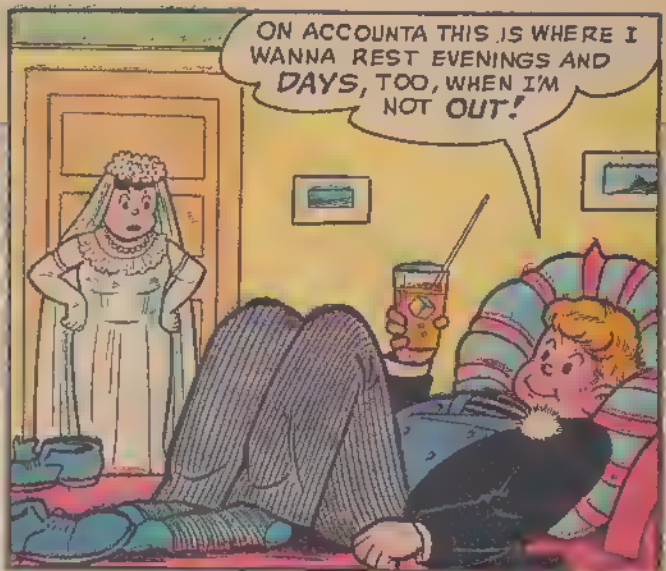
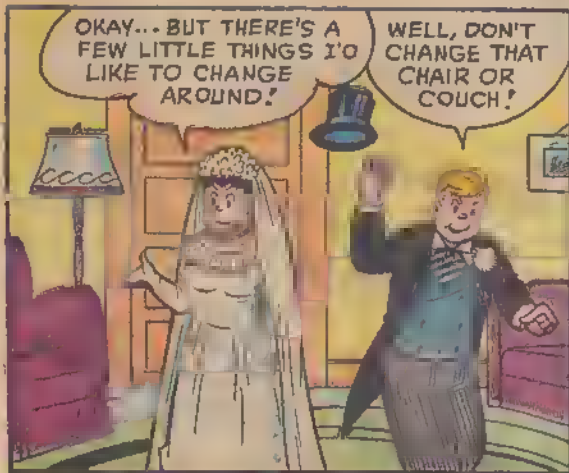




# LASSIE









OH, THAT'LL COME LATER---AND I MIGHT EVEN GET YOU A HIRED MAN TO HELP YOU HOE THE POTATOES, TOO!

YOUR KINDNESS CHOKES ME ALL UP, LADDIE--- AND WHAT'S THIS FUNNY THING HERE?

OH, THAT'S A BIG BLOWGUN, TO SPRAY PESTS WITH --- AND SUCH!

AND WHAT DO YOU INTEND DOING WHILE I'M HAVING ALL THESE GOOD TIMES?

OH, I'M GONNA BE VERY BUSY SOCIALLY!

HMM!

IN FACT, HERE COME A FEW OF MY FRIENDS NOW... AND THEY'RE PROBABLY HUNGRY, TOO!

AND YOU'D LIKE ME TO COOK SUPPER FOR SIXTEEN OR SO?

WELL, WE HAVE TO BE HOSPITABLE, Y'KNOW!

BUT FIRST, WHAT DID YOU SAY THIS WAS AGAIN?

A BUG GUN, TO SPRAY PESTS WITH!

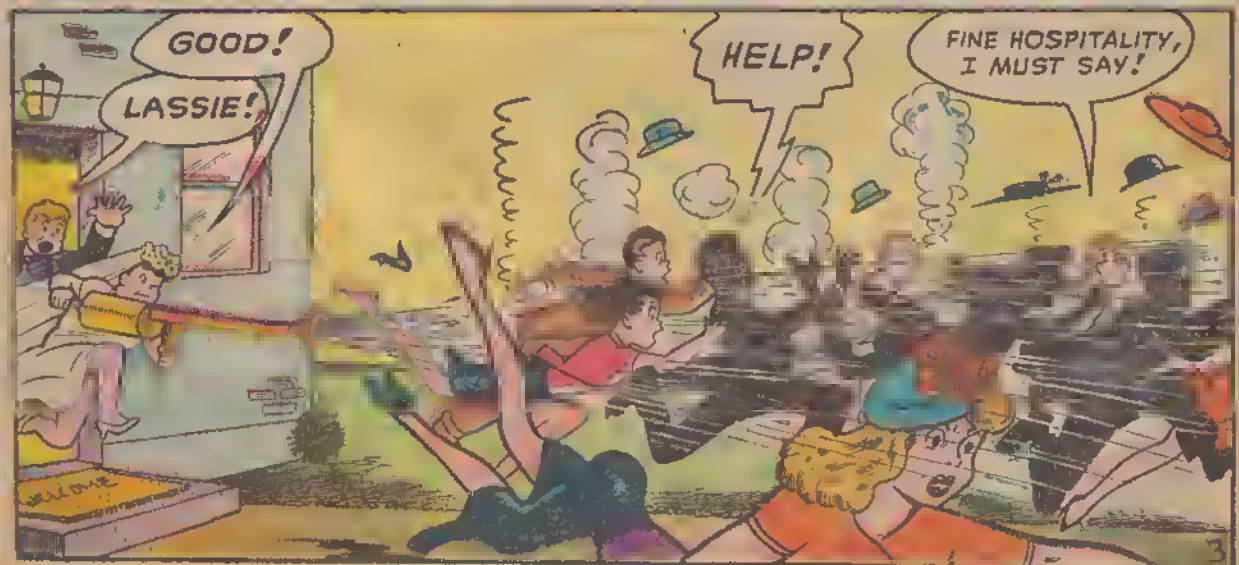
OH, SURE!

GOOD!

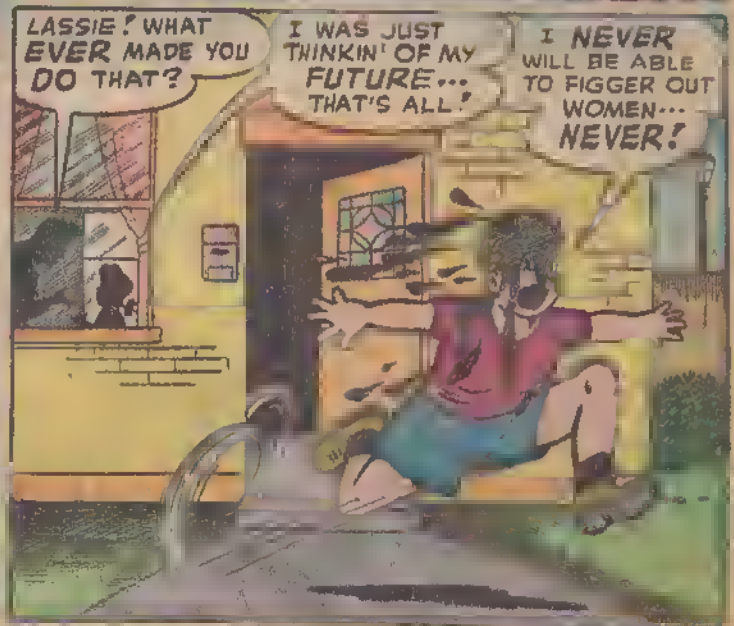
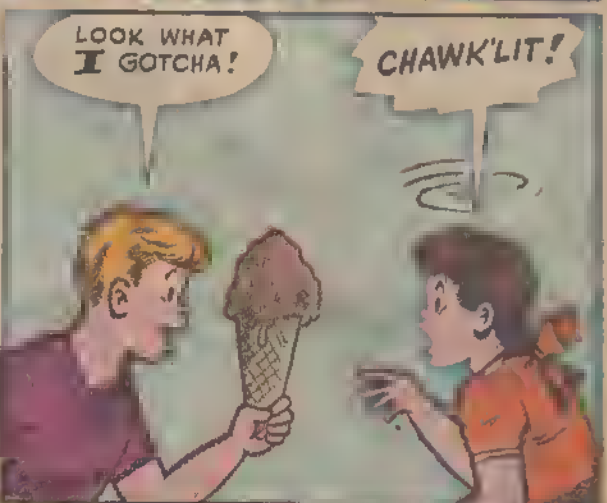
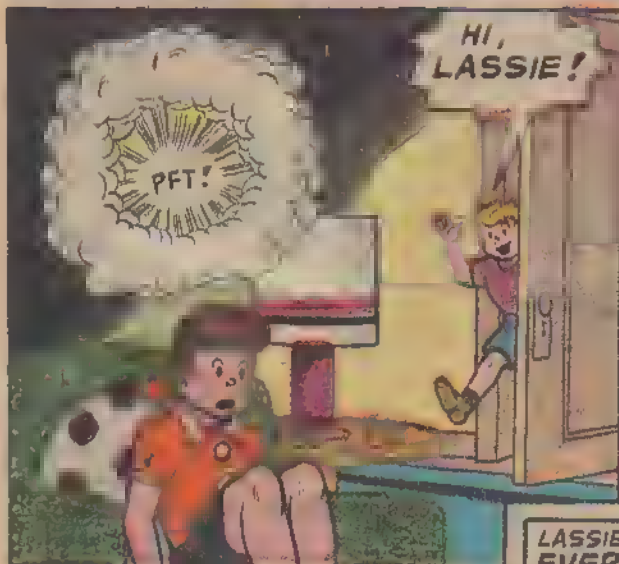
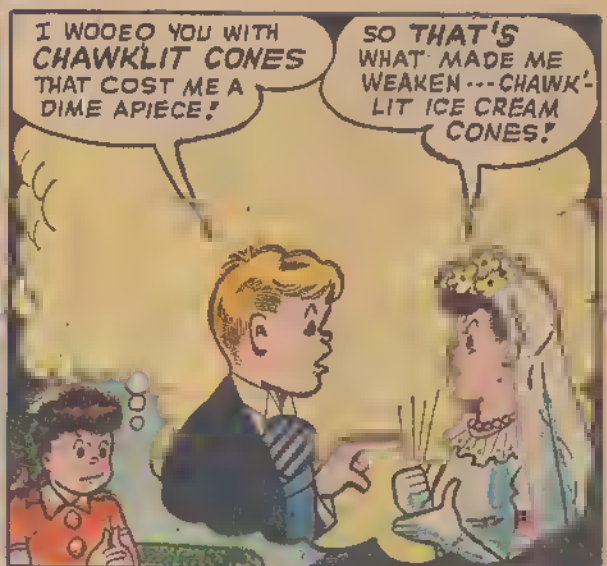
LASSIE!

HELP!

FINE HOSPITALITY, I MUST SAY!









# Steve Wood



Steve Wood, waterfront detective, meets a terrifying opponent, as he battles **CHARON**, sinister skipper of **THE SHIP THAT ATE MEN!**

TALK ABOUT BUSMEN'S HOLIDAYS! CAN'T YOU EVEN SPEND YOUR **LUNCH HOUR** AWAY FROM THIS HARBOR, STEVE?

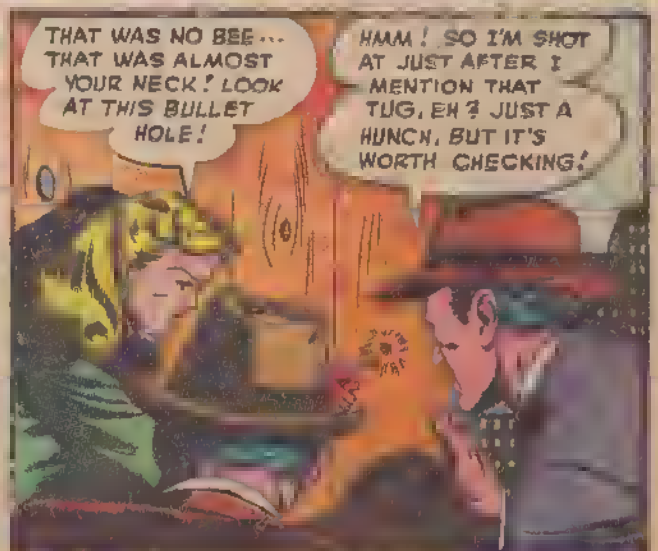
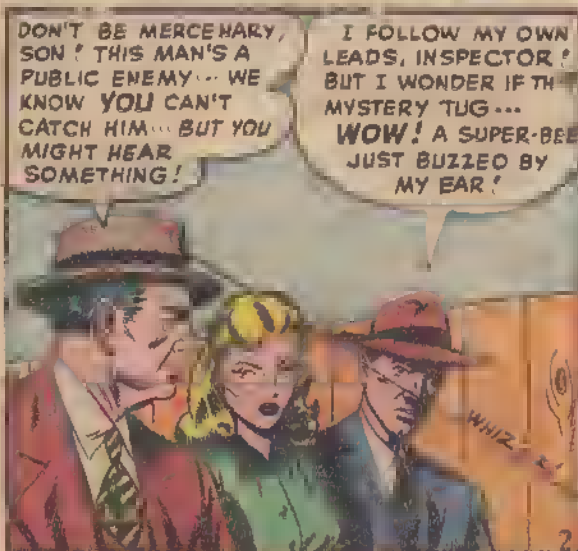
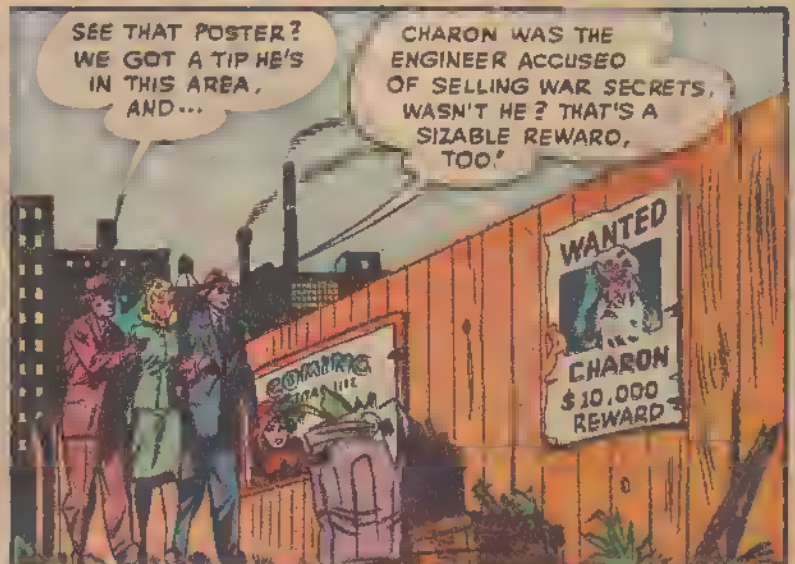
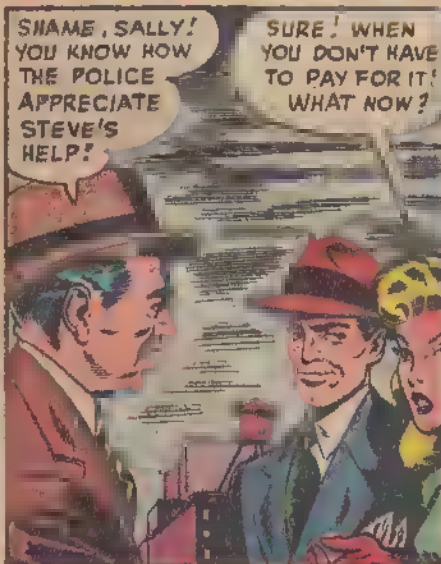
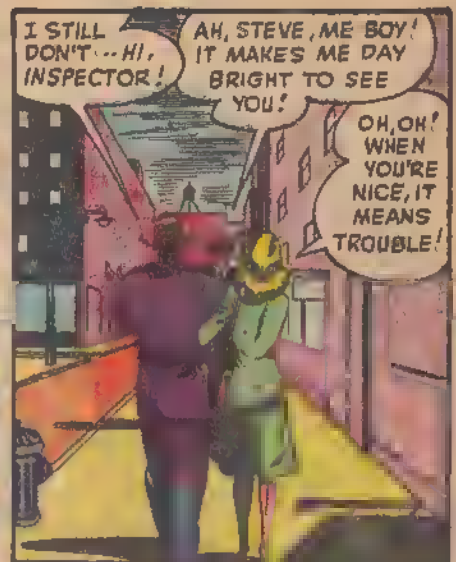
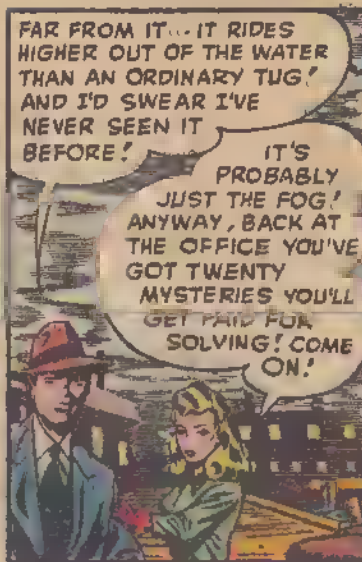
HI, SALLY! AS A GOOD SECRETARY, YOU SHOULD BE GLAD YOUR BOSS IS TENDING TO BUSINESS... AND THIS HARBOR IS MY BUSINESS!

FOR INSTANCE, I KNOW EVERY TUG OUT THERE BY NAME! THAT IS... HMM?

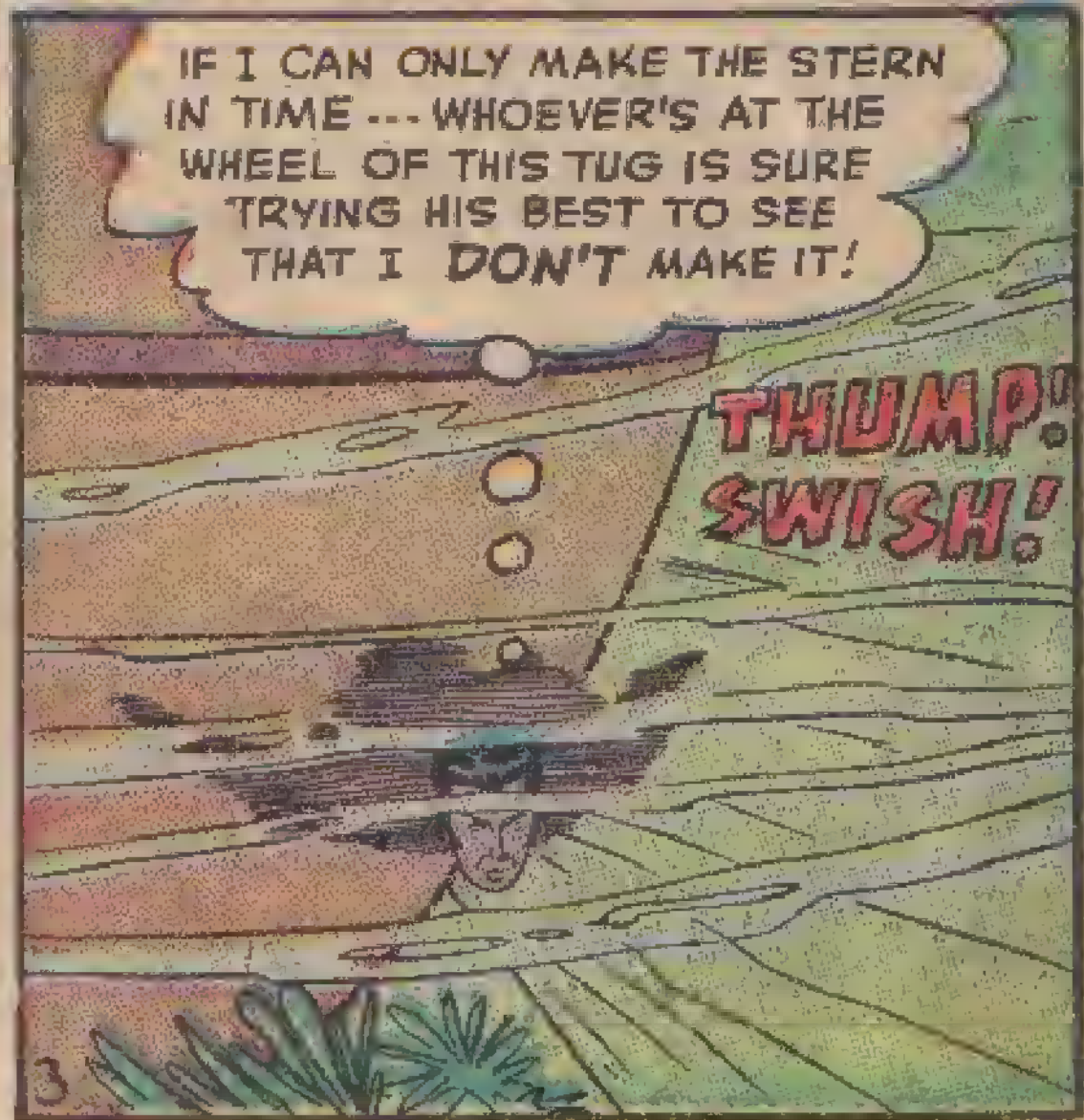
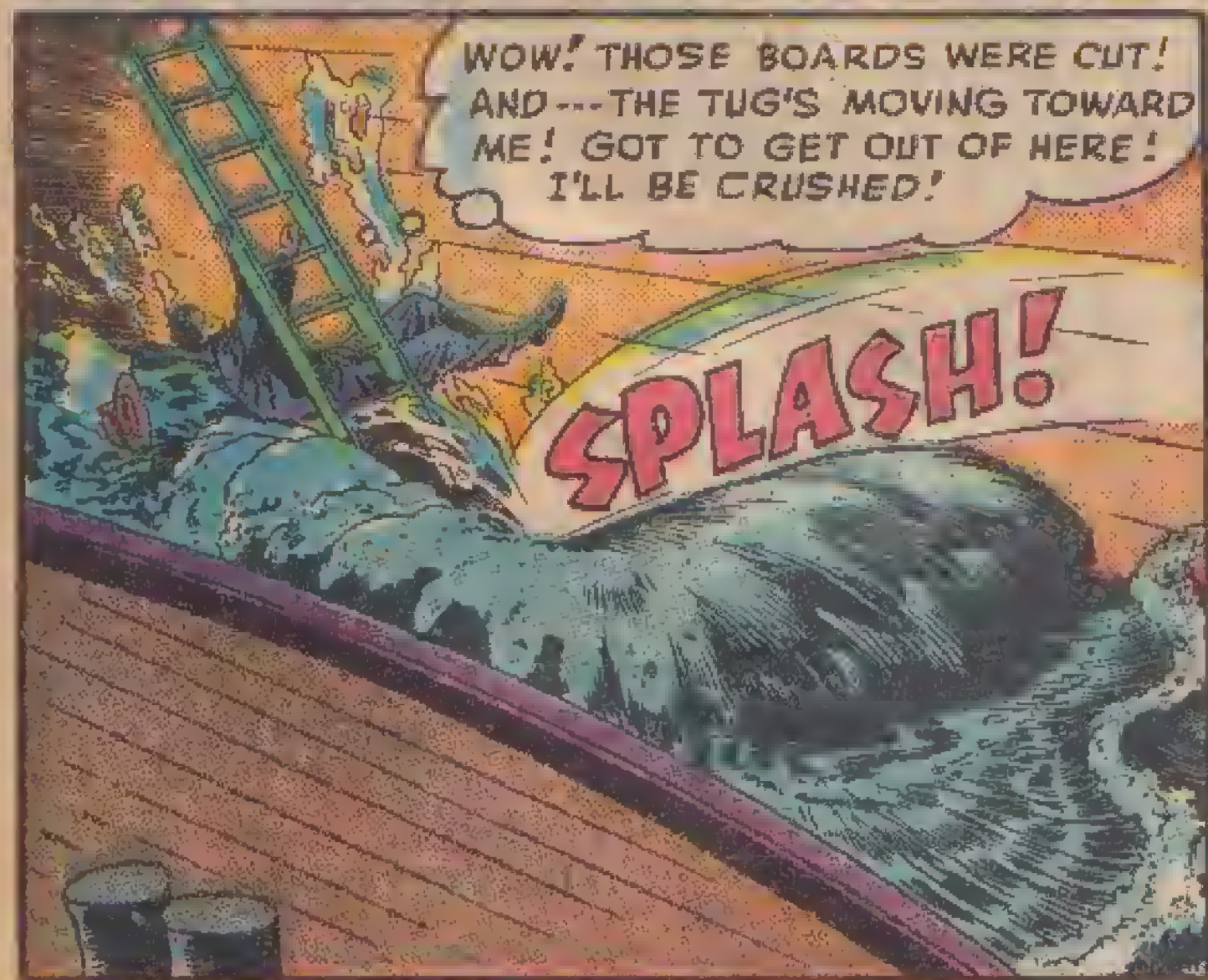
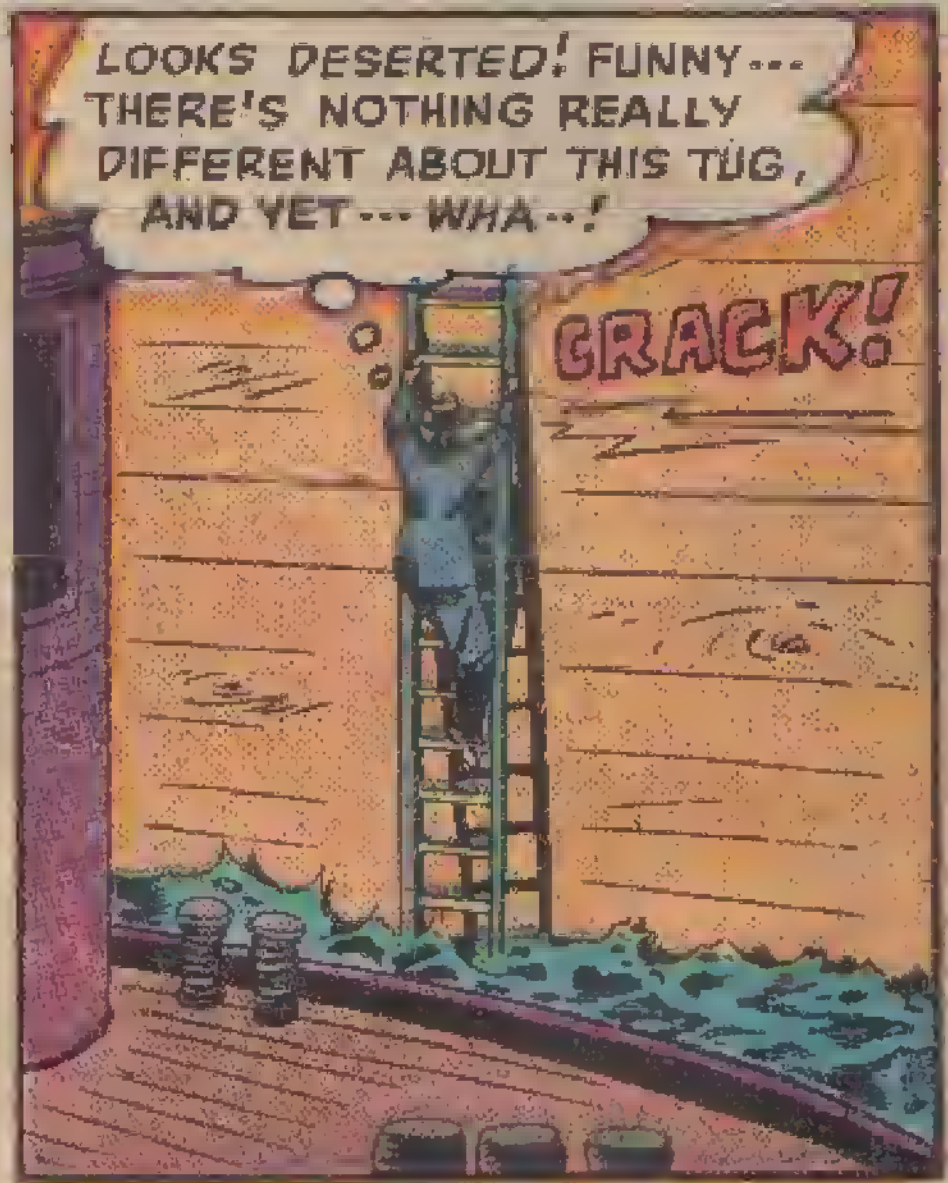
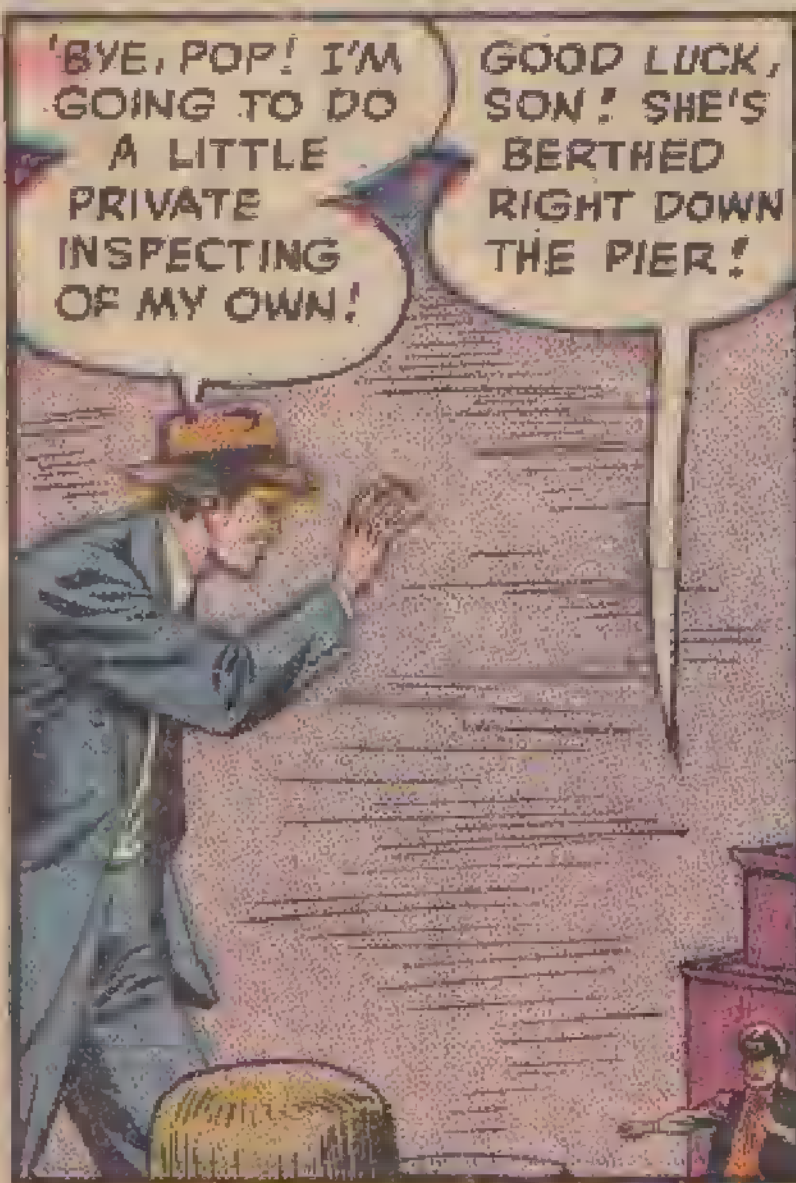
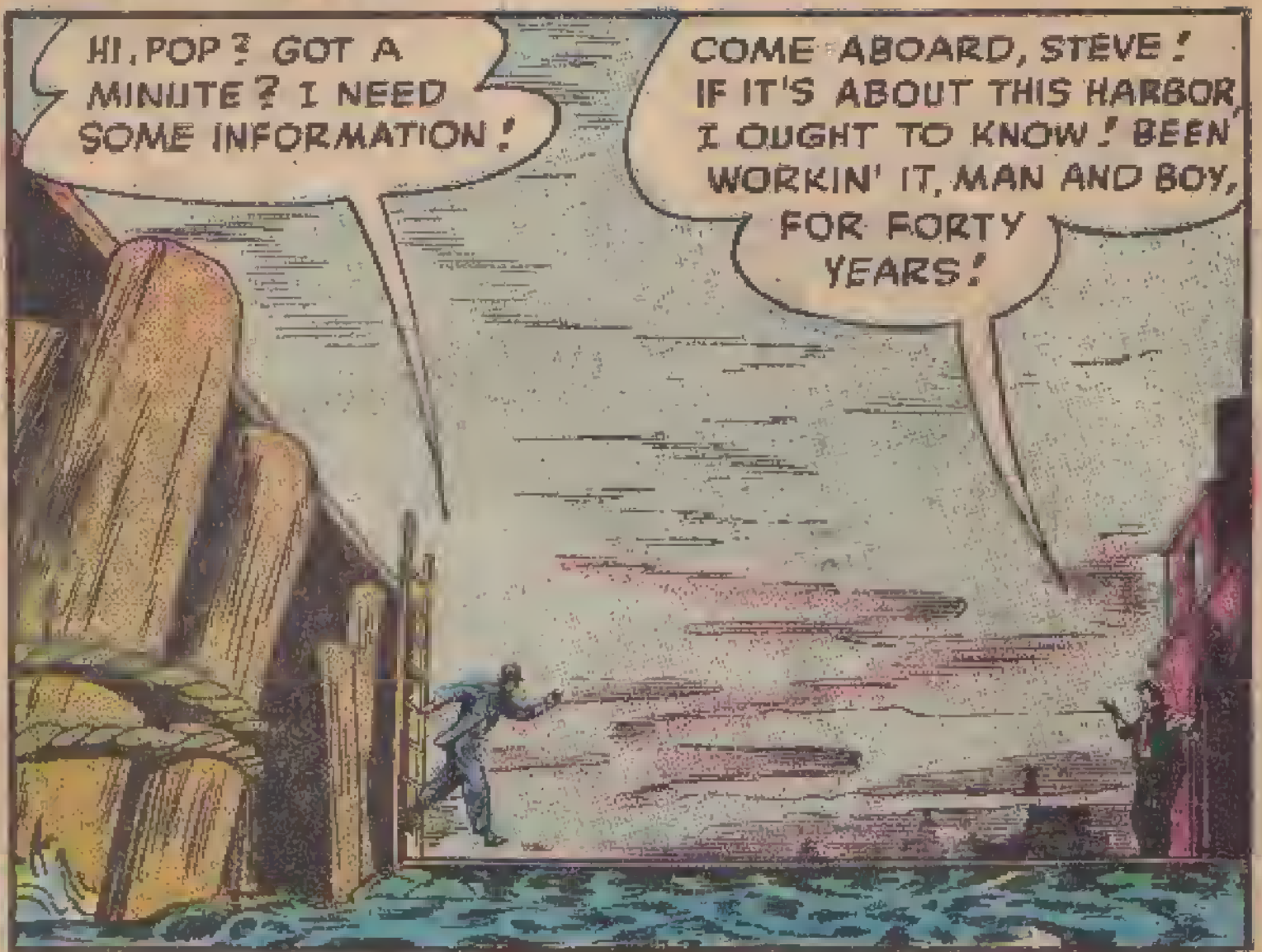
DON'T TELL ME SOMETHING'S SLIPPED PAST YOUR EAGLE EYE, BOSS!





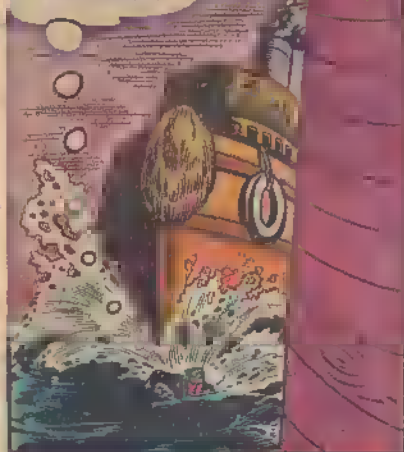








BET I BROKE A SPEED RECORD ON THAT SWIM! NOW TO HIDE 'TIL THEY'RE SURE I'M DONE FOR!



...NOBODY WORRIES ABOUT A DEAD DETECTIVE! SO I THINK I'LL GIVE THEM SOMETHING TO WORRY ABOUT! HEY...THE TUG'S MOVING OUT!

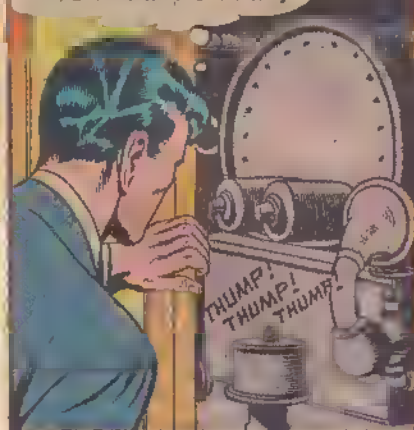


A few minutes later...

THEY MUST BE SURE THEIR TRICK WORKED! NOT A SOUL ON GUARD! NOW FOR A QUICK LOOK AROUND!



HMM! I'D SWEAR THOSE ENGINES HAVEN'T BEEN USED FOR YEARS... IF I HADN'T JUST HAD VERY GOOD PROOF TO THE CONTRARY! OH, OH! WHAT'S THAT?



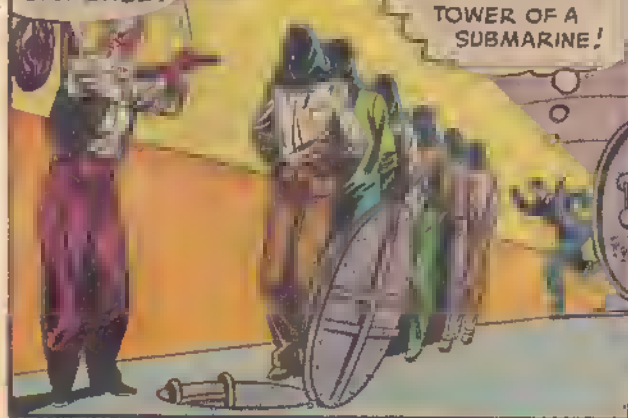
I HID JUST IN TIME! AND THAT'S MY MAN... CHARON!



IN A FEW MOMENTS YOU CAN TAKE OFF YOUR BLINDFOLDS, GENTLEMEN! JUST FOLLOW ME QUICKLY THROUGH THIS HATCH!



THIS HATCH COVER HAS A TIME LOCK! HURRY ALONG OR YOU'LL BE DROWNED WHEN WE SUBMERGE!



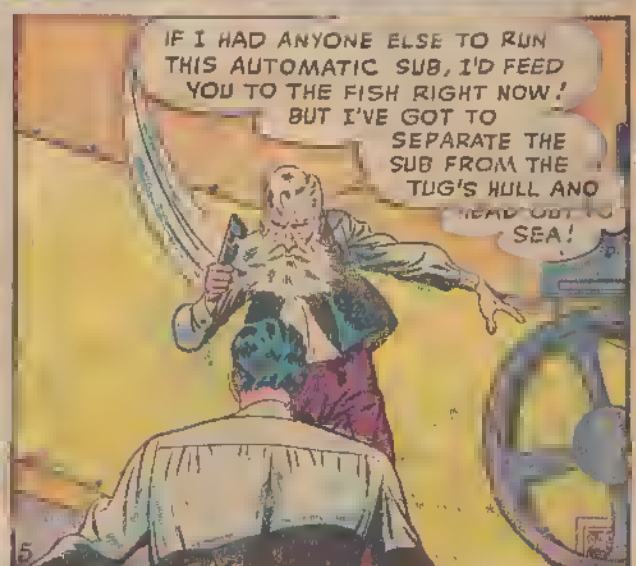
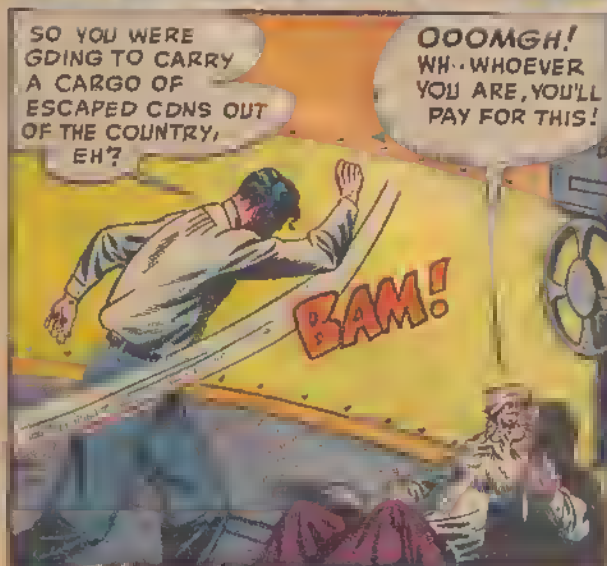
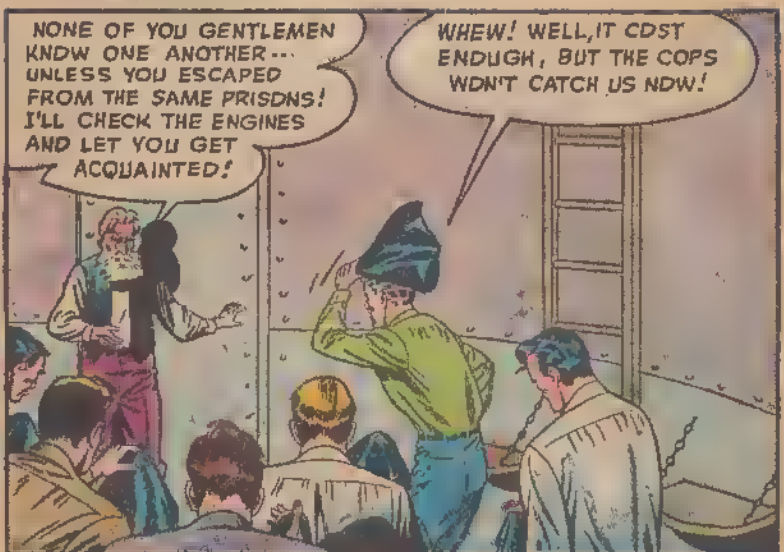
SUBM--- THAT'S IT! THAT'S WHY THE TUG RODE FUNNY! IT'S JUST A PHONY, MOUNTED ON THE CONNING TOWER OF A SUBMARINE!

NOT EXACTLY A FAIR FIGHT, BUT IT'S NECESSARY... IF I'M RIGHT ABOUT THIS SETUP!

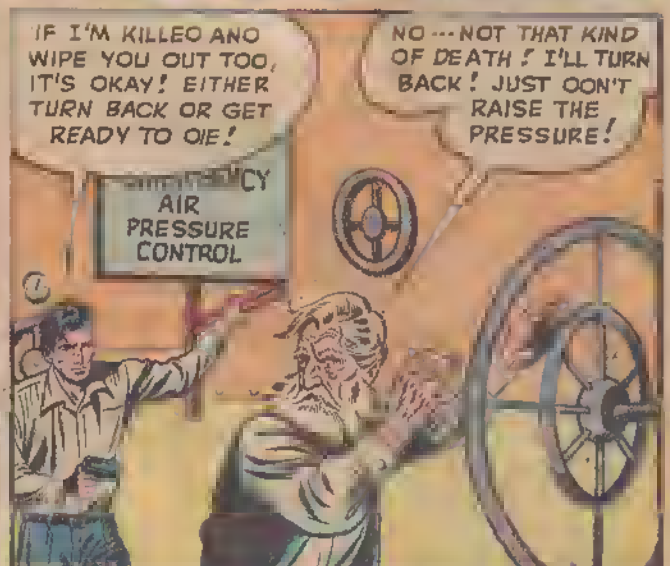
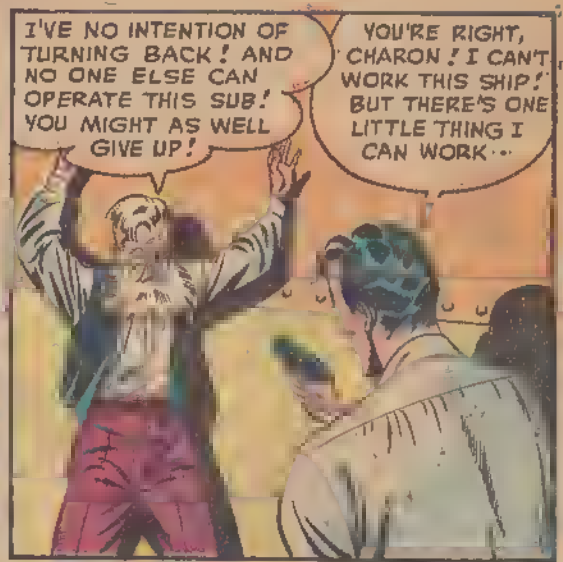
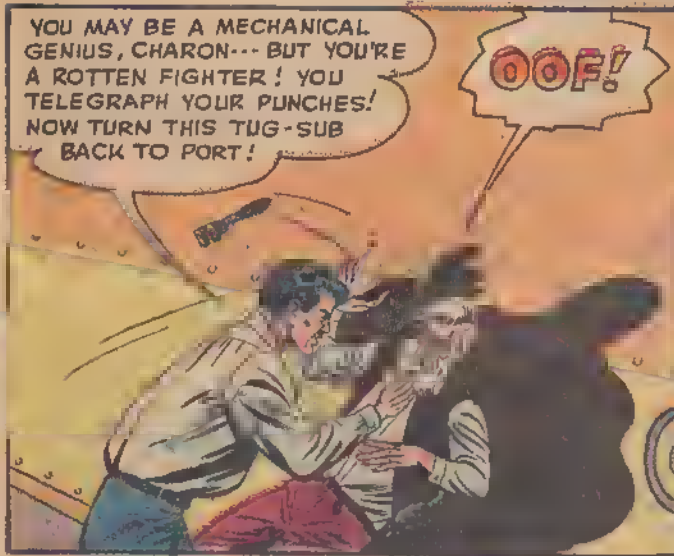


UGH!











# The BARKER KID AND THE BANDITS

**T**HE Biloxi Belle steamed slowly down the broad, yellow Mississippi, the paddle wheels at her stern turning with monotonous regularity. Aboard the boat was an odd assortment of people and animals—Colonel Lane's Mammoth Circus.

People of the Mississippi bayou country seldom got a glimpse of such a circus. One reason why Col. Lane always enjoyed giving his shows along the Big Muddy. But it had been a long time since he had traveled this circuit.

At nightfall, the show troupe gathered on deck and sang songs, while negro roustabouts hummed background accompaniment. It was all very romantic.

But, when a bullet shattered one of the cabin windows, pandemonium reigned on deck. The shot had not come from the ship, but from a sandbar a quarter-mile off the starboard side. The Biloxi Belle's captain had seen the flash from his wheelhouse.

He announced that they would pull over to the sandbar, and everybody was tense and ready for some excitement. He explained that folks sometimes got stranded on the bars, and would starve if not taken off. The shot, he said, had probably been fired to attract the Biloxi Belle's attention.

Carnie Calahan, the barker for Col. Lane's Circus, was probably the only man who complained about the captain's curiosity. He didn't know why he felt it would be dangerous to alter the course of the ship, but he spoke about it to the Colonel.

"But it's happened before, probably many times," Col. Lane said. "What are you worried about?"

"I don't know, Colonel," Carnie replied. "I just am. Call it intuition, or something."

The big searchlight on the bow picked out their destination in short order. The island was really a large bar, covered with tall reeds. On it, there was no sign of anyone, or any boat. Even when the captain tooted his whistle, there was no response.

"The poor devil is probably either hurt or too weak to signal," he said to Carnie and the Colonel, as they watched from the wheelhouse. But Carnie Calahan didn't share the captain's opinion.

The boat edged in close to the island's shore. Still there was no movement on the bar. A couple of sailors leaped to the sand and began scouting through the reeds, calling out that help was at hand.

But suddenly two dozen unshaven, heavily armed men jumped out from the reeds. They leaped on board the ship and got the drop on everybody before the crew and passengers knew what was happening.

"What's the meaning of this?" roared the captain. "It's piracy, that's what it is—and I'll have your hides for it!"

"Shut up, you old goat!" retorted one of the boarders. "We ain't gonna hurt anybody if they do like we say. But we'll blast the fust one who tries any monkeyshines! Understand?" The man, a big bearded fellow, surveyed the group with an evil leer.

"What do you want?" demanded the captain.

"We want the money that's in the circus man's safe, that's what we want," said the big man, evidently the leader of the band, "An' we want it now! Where's Colonel Lane!"

The colonel stepped forward. "I am Colonel Lane," he said quietly. "And you may have the money if you'll promise not to harm anyone."

Several members of the boarding party laughed raucously.

"Lissen to him!" cried one. "He's tellin' us what we should and shouldn't do—an' us with the guns!"

But the bandit leader had not figured on the plucky caliber of Col. Lane's show troupe. As he followed the Colonel across the deck, he walked smack into a heavy body. Down on the deck he went, the breath knocked out of him.

It was Lena, the fat lady, who pretending to be unaware of the situation, attempted to apologize as the leader struggled to his feet.

"Wha's a matter wit' you, you big hunk?" demanded the irate pirate. "Fer a penny I'd let some air into that balloon you use fer a carcass!"

Lena only smiled as she waddled out of his way.

The leader lurched on, following Col. Lane,



who had reached his ticket wagon in the stern of the ship. The colonel was puffing mightily as he mounted the wagon's six steps and went inside. A dim light over his desk revealed the safe in its customary corner.

The bandit leader clumped up the steps and peered inside. Spotting the safe, he grunted with satisfaction.

"Get her open, quick!" he snapped. He flourished his gun.

Just then several large snakes began wriggling across the floor of the wagon, slithering toward the bandit. Wide-eyed, he let out a yowl, and began firing wildly at the floor.

Several of his mob raced along the deck, attracted by the noise. All of them brandished guns and knives.

But just then the bandit leader fell out of the ticket wagon on his back, and Shali, the snake charmer, hiding behind some drapes in the wagon, chuckled softly. Her snakes had performed just right. The big thug was scared to death of them.

"Shali, are you there?" asked Col. Lane.

"Yes, Colonel," Shali said. "How did you like the little snake stunt?"

"Fine," said the Colonel, "but what good can it do? They'll all be here in a moment." The colonel was visibly disturbed.

Now another voice spoke, from a small window over the colonel's desk: "Take it easy, Colonel," came the advice. "We have another little surprise planned!"

It was Spudo, the four-armed man.

When someone began firing a revolver out on deck, Spudo, who had poked his head through the window, withdrew it and disappeared.

All this action had taken place with only deck lights to illuminate the scene. Now the lights went out all over the ship, and darkness hid the ship and the river beyond.

Then fighting broke out among members of the boarding party. They didn't know whether they were tangling with friend or enemy, so, eager for a scrap, they tangled with the nearest person.

"This is what I'd hoped for," whispered Carnie Calahan to Major Midge, the midget of the show. "You run this line around the colonel's wagon and hurry back here. Be quiet about it. Not that those devils would hear you right now."

"Okay, Carnie," said Midge. "I'm off."

While Midge was thus engaged, Tiny, the strong man, was also busy. He had broken out

some special stores seldom used by the circus, but effective, he thought, for this kind of emergency. Now he quickly and silently set these up, ready for use.

Meantime the barker hooked electric wires to three long tubes pointing upward from the stern of the ship. Then he attached a fuse to the thin line Major Midge had tied around the Colonel's wagon.

But the fighting had died down among the bandits, because their eyes had now become accustomed to the sudden darkness. Organized again, they began yelling for their leader.

"Hey, Meggs, where the devil are you?" yelled one.

"Turn on them lights!" another shouted.

But the darkness still reigned aboard the Biloxi Belle.

Up in the wheelhouse the captain was nervously waiting for the barker to put his plan in action. The captain wasn't at all sure that it would work, but there was nothing else to do but let Carnie try it. He sat near the speaking tube near the wheel. A voice came over it abruptly.

"Yes," said the captain.

It was the voice of the barker. "We're all set, Captain!" Carnie said. "You be ready with the searchlight. Major Midge will set off the fireworks. Here goes!"

Suddenly a blinding flash of green fire swooped around the colonel's ticket wagon like a coil of emerald flame. Simultaneously, three red rockets soared high into the sky, breaking and falling in a startling display of red brilliance.

The panicky bandits yelled and roared. The flash caught Meggs, their leader, just as he was tugging the safe through the door of the ticket wagon. He stood out in the green brilliance like some grotesque bear.

Meggs whirled, his eyes blazing in the glow of greenness.

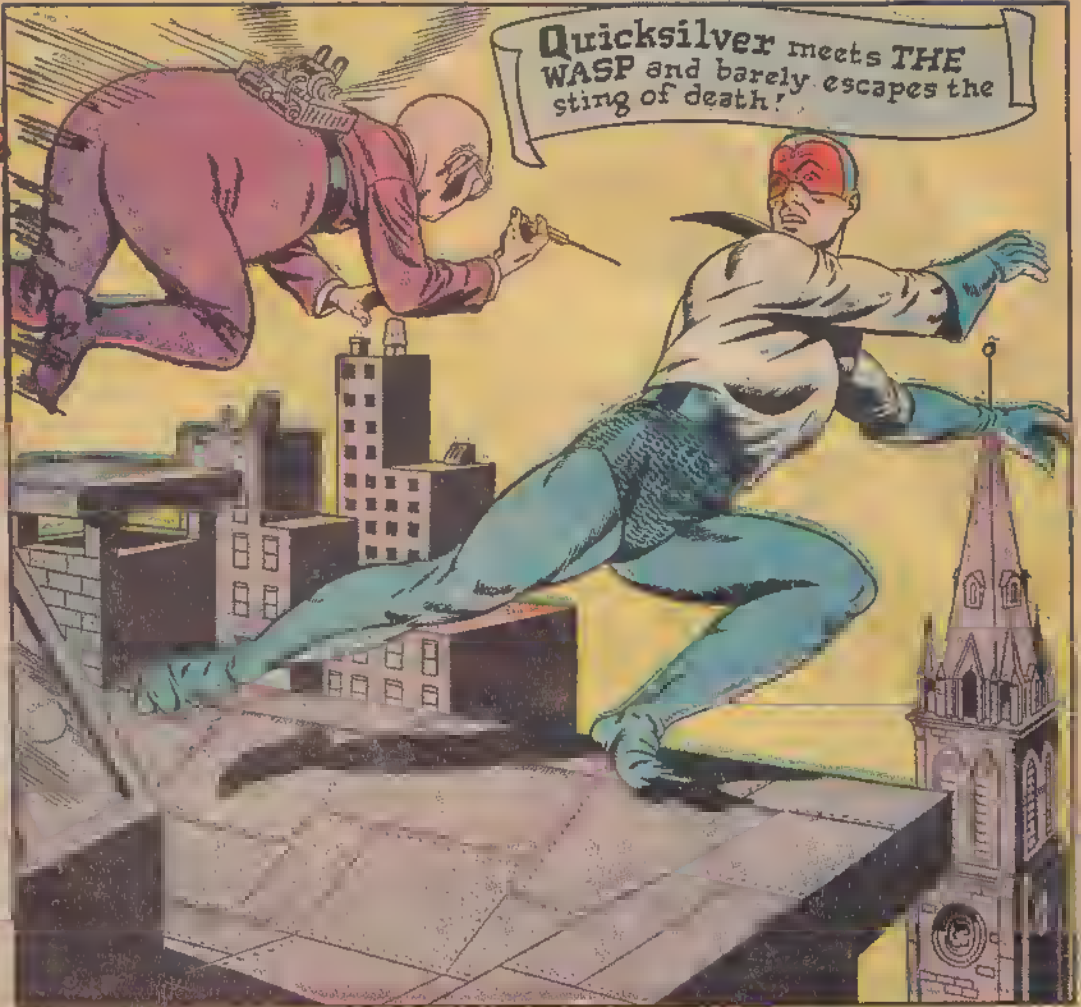
Before he could speak, several shots rang out from the direction of the river. Then the deck was swept by the ship's powerful searchlight. It caught the bandits standing in various attitudes of complete surprise.

Over the rail poured a dozen river policemen. They had worked their boat up noiselessly to the side of the ship. It was a complete coup. The police covered the shaggy men and disarmed them. In a moment they were helpless prisoners.

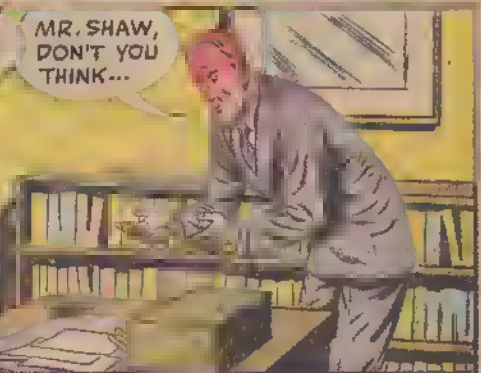
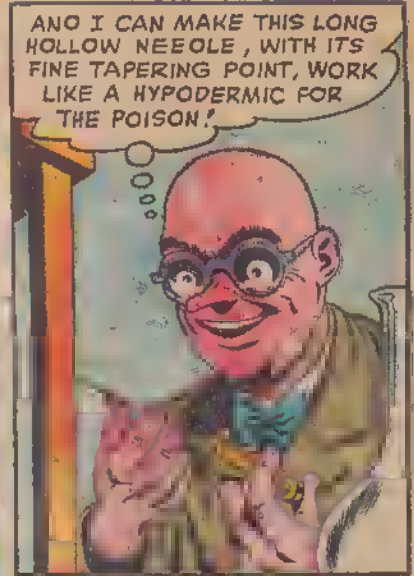
"Well," said the barker, "that's the first time Colonel Lane's Mammoth Circus used fireworks to foil a bunch of pirates."



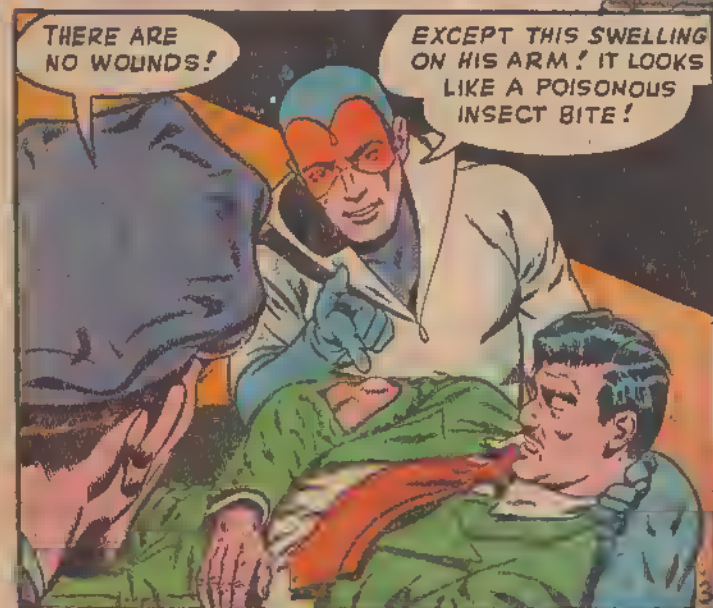
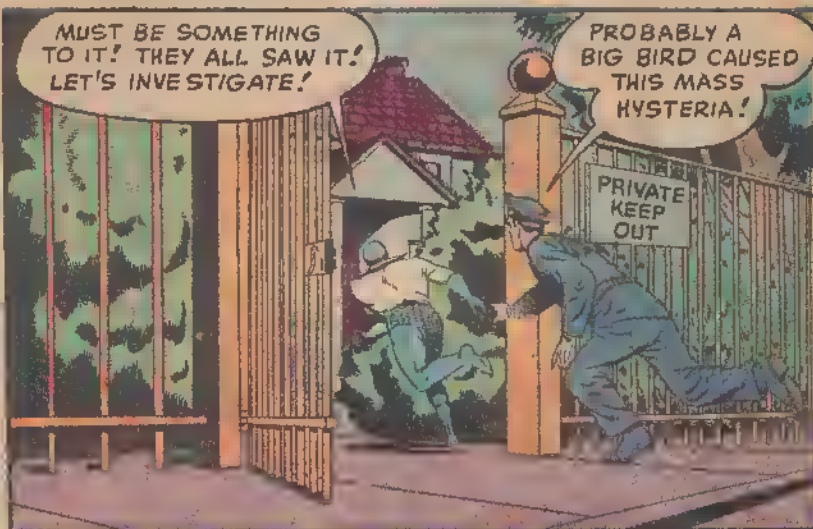
# QUICKSILVER



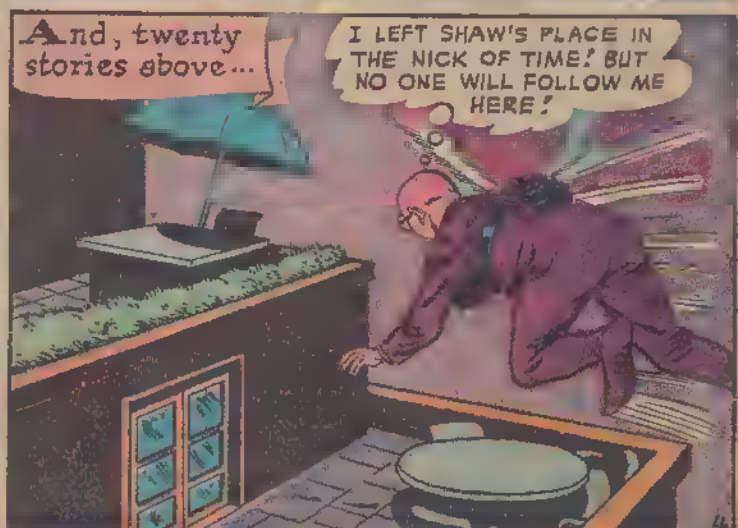
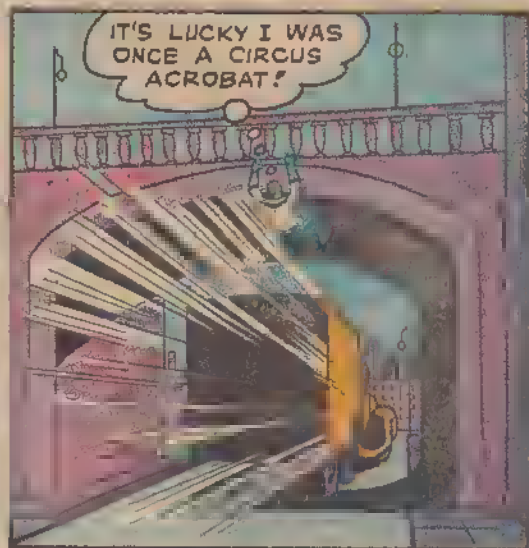
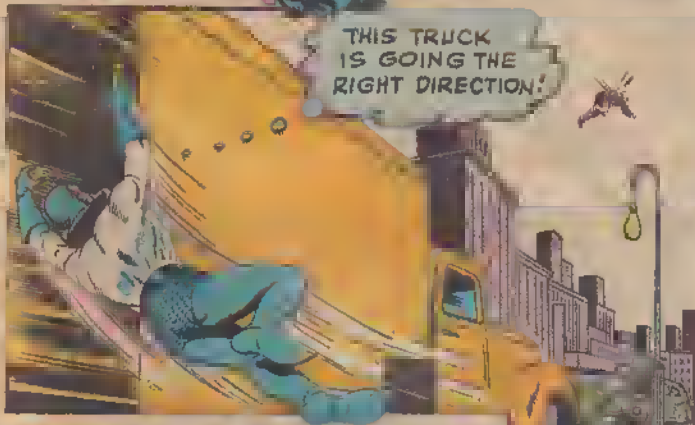




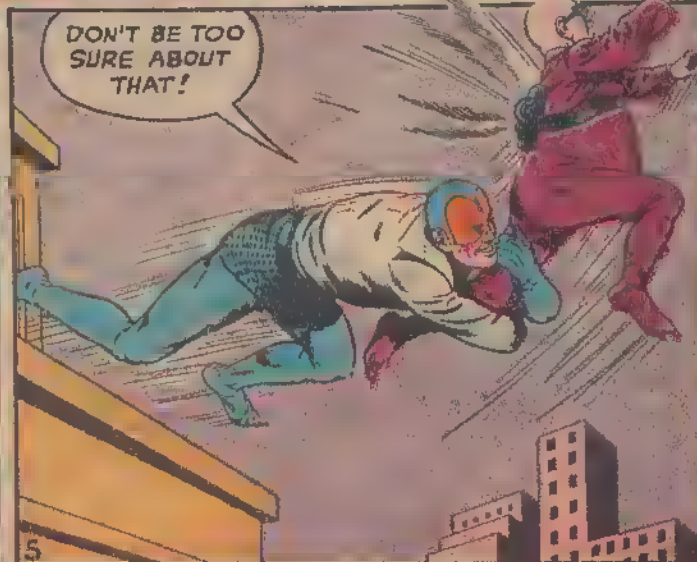




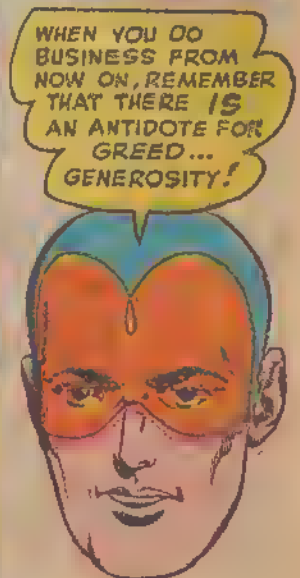
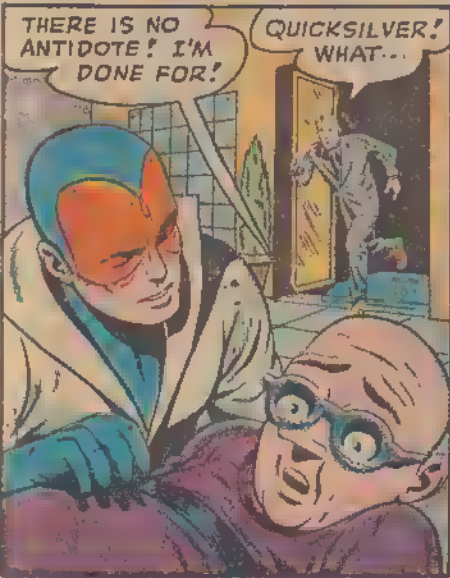
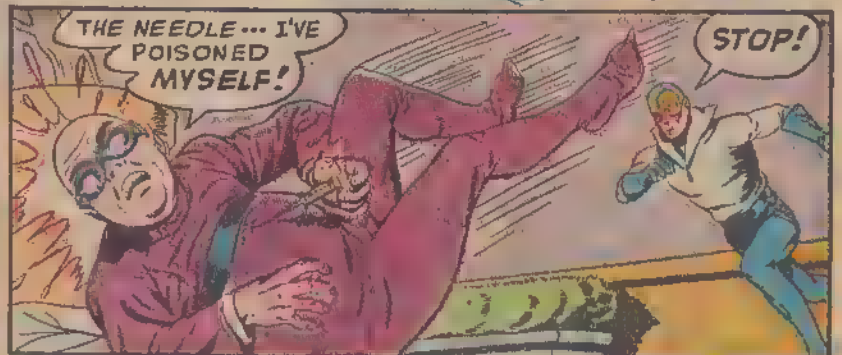
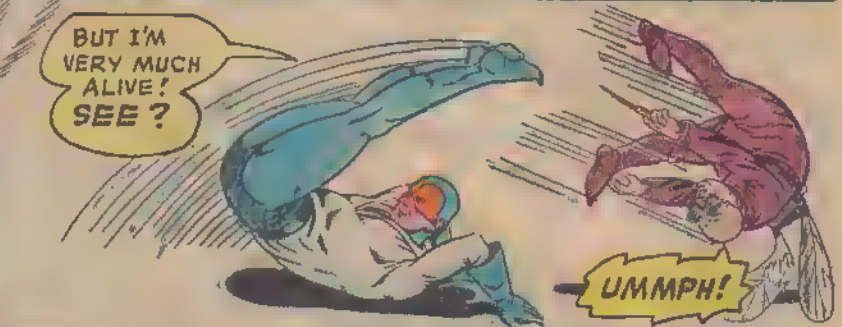














# Sally O'NEIL



SALLY,  
ARE YOU  
ALL RIGHT?



WHAT'S HE  
TALKIN'  
ABOUT?  
**HE'S THE  
LEOPARD  
MAN!**

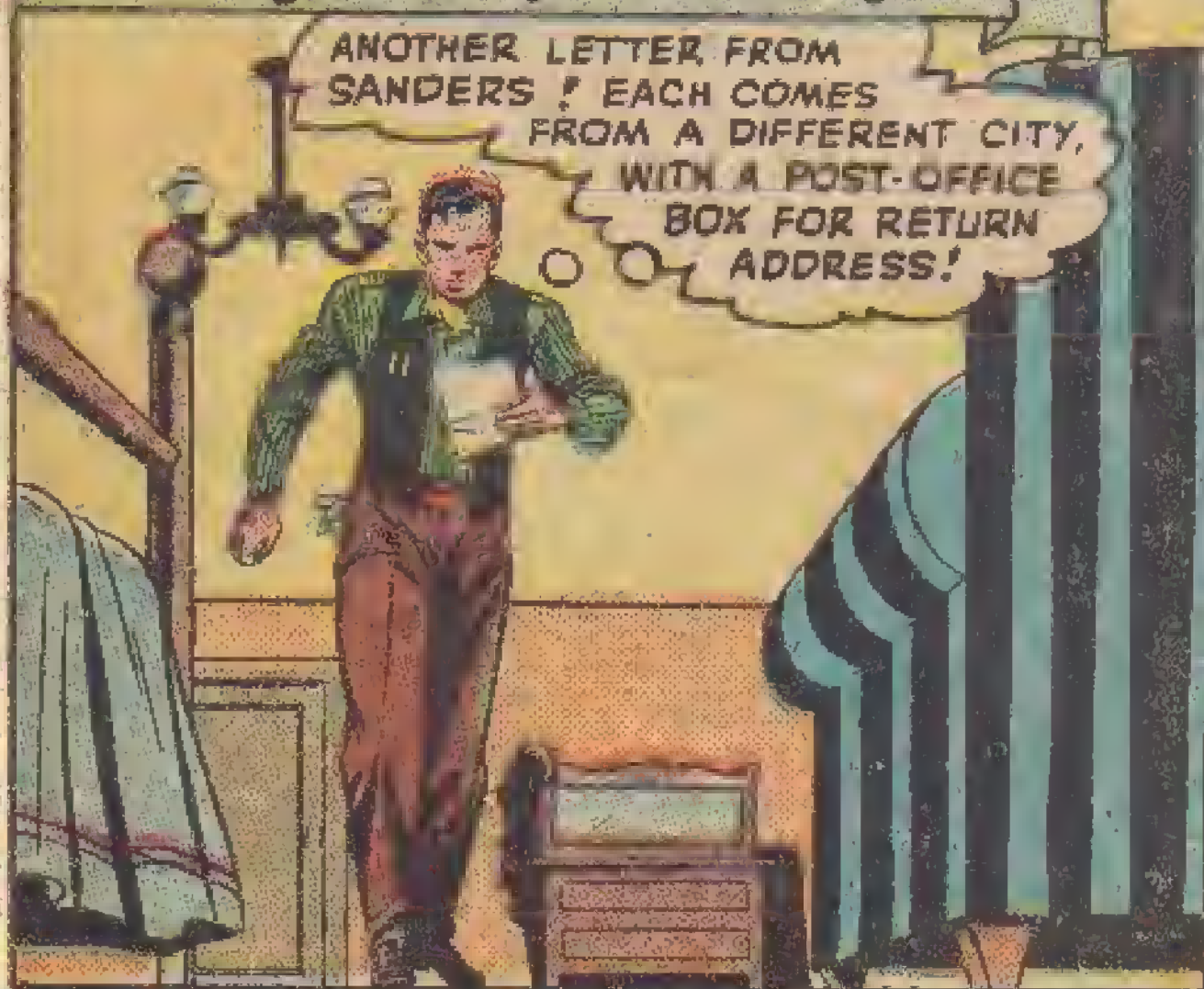
**T**hus ended a night of terror for Sally O'Neil, Policewoman, after a man-beast left a trail of blood which led to her very door!

But who was the **LEOPARD MAN?**



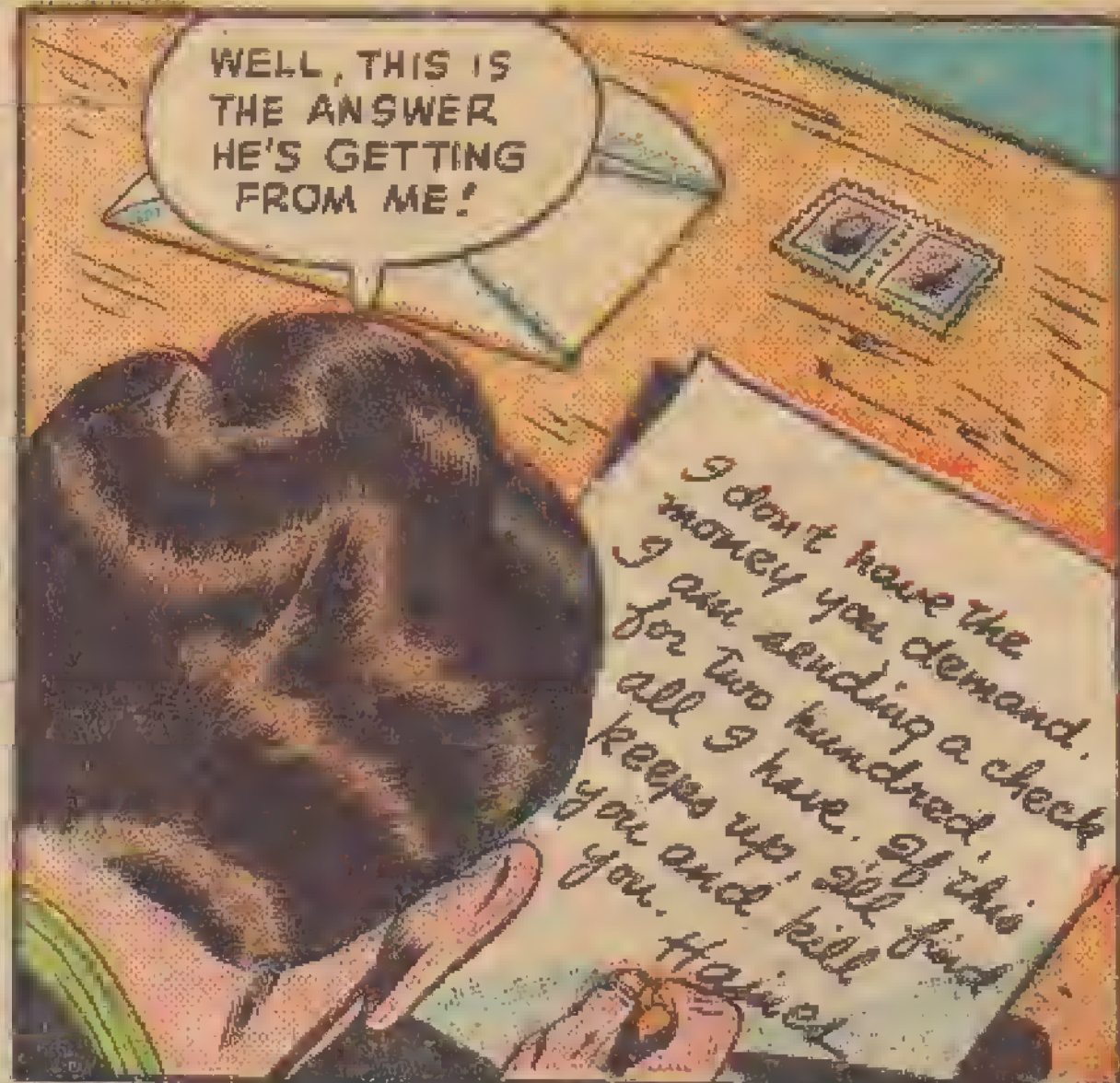
It all began many miles away...

ANOTHER LETTER FROM SANDERS! EACH COMES FROM A DIFFERENT CITY, WITH A POST-OFFICE BOX FOR RETURN ADDRESS!



WELL, THIS IS THE ANSWER HE'S GETTING FROM ME!

I don't have the money you demand. I am sending a check for two hundred. If this all I have. If this keeps up, I'll find you and kill you. *Haines*



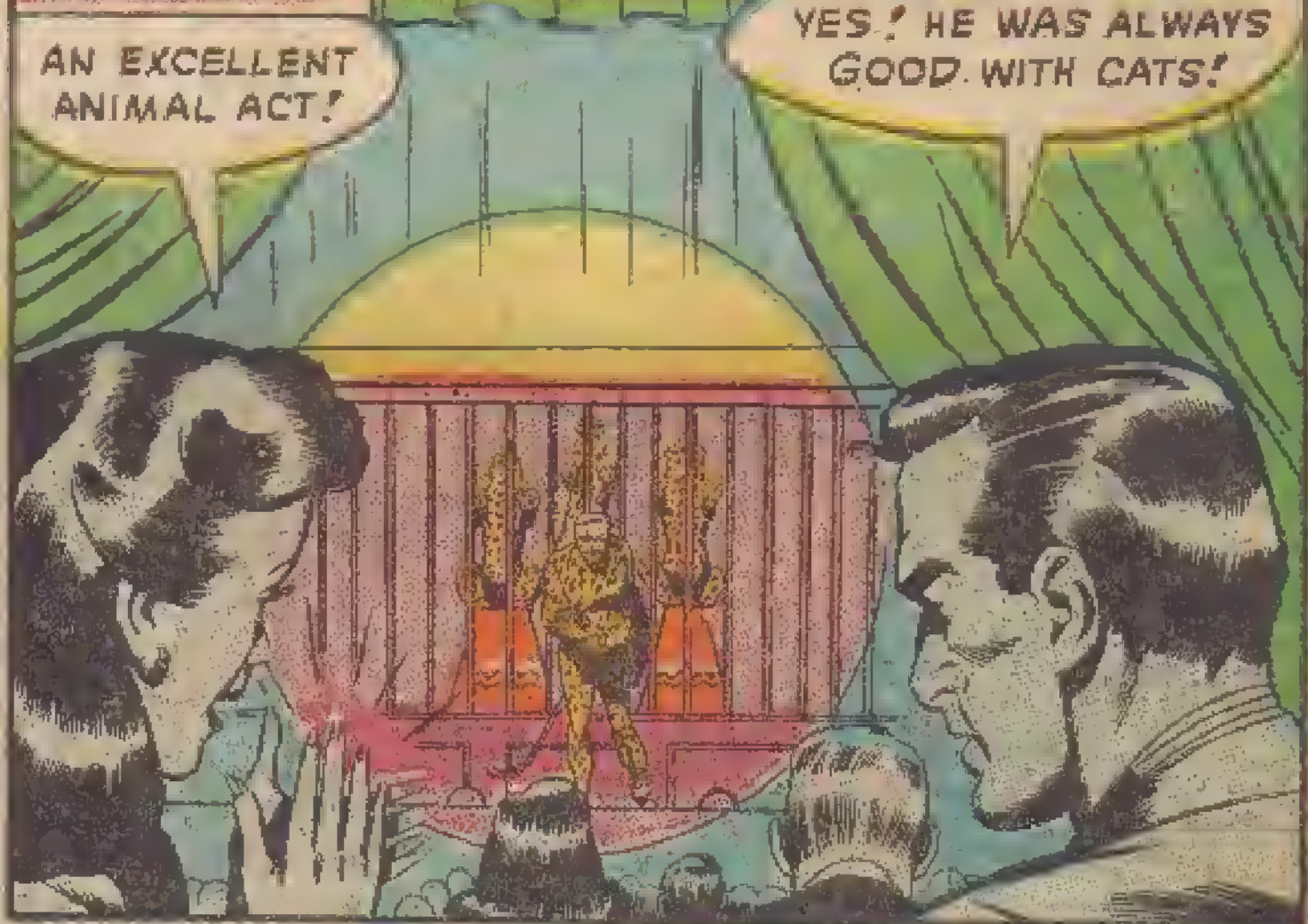
"FIND YOU AND KILL YOU"! WHY NOT? AFTER NINE YEARS OF TORMENT, WHY NOT?



A few nights later, Sally O'Neil attends the theatre...

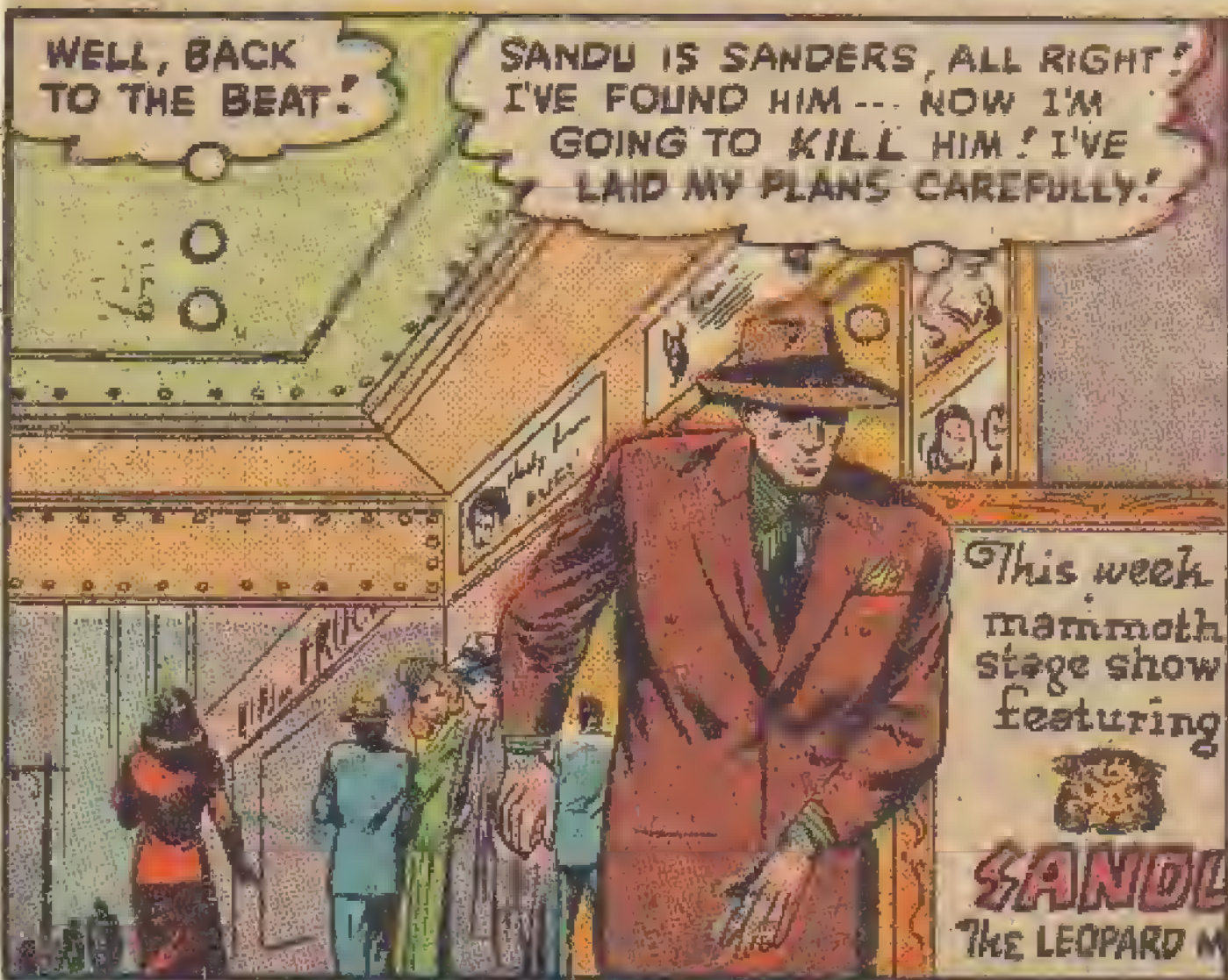
AN EXCELLENT ANIMAL ACT!

YES! HE WAS ALWAYS GOOD WITH CATS!



WELL, BACK TO THE BEAT!

SANDU IS SANDERS, ALL RIGHT! I'VE FOUND HIM --- NOW I'M GOING TO KILL HIM! I'VE LAID MY PLANS CAREFULLY!

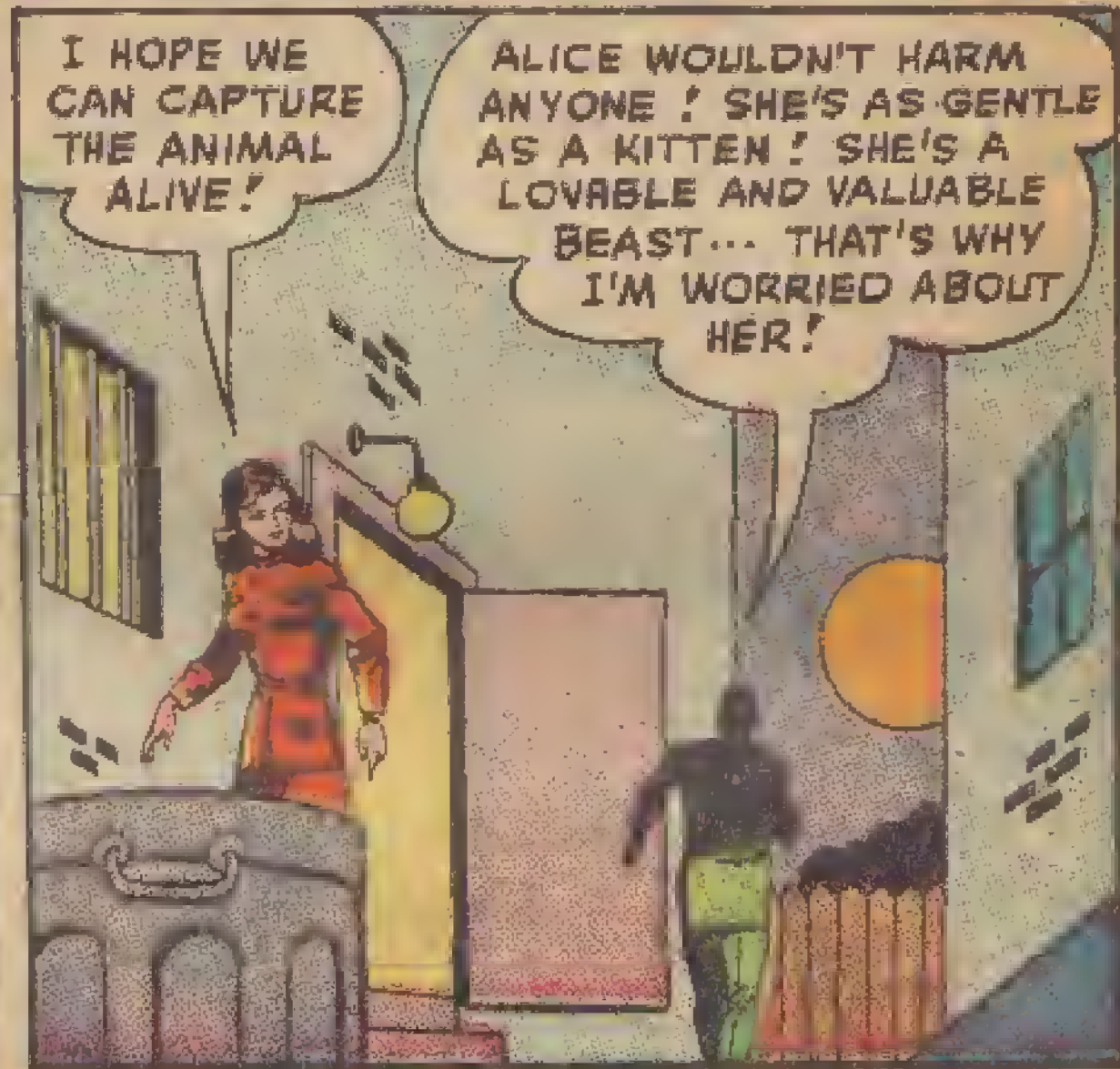
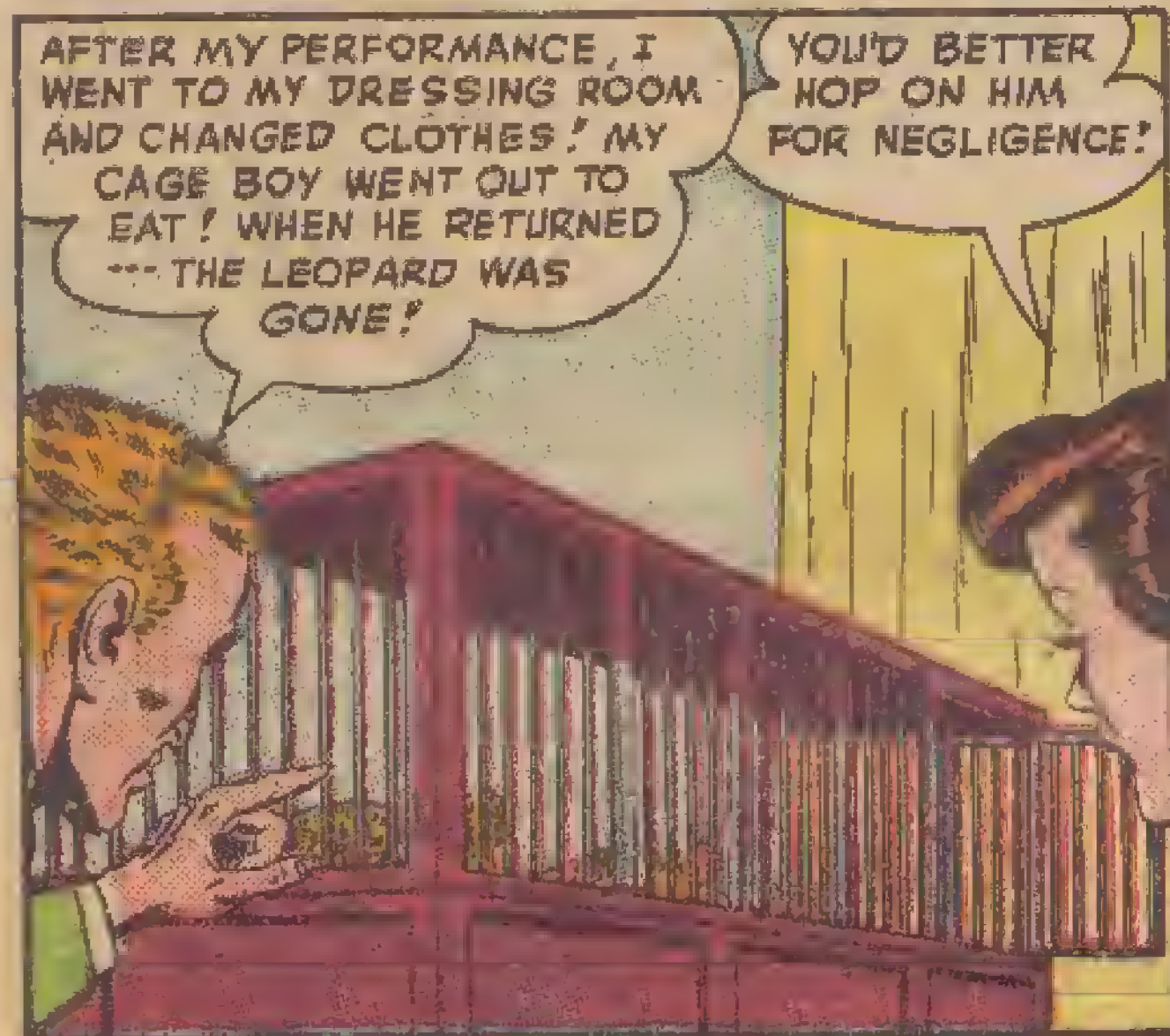


SALLY, I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE! GO TO THE STAR THEATRE... THERE'S A LEOPARD ON THE LOOSE!

WHAT?













HE DROPPED A... WHAT'S THIS? HMM... IT APPEARS SANDU'S BEEN BLACK-MAILING SOMEONE NAMED HAINES!



SANDU! COME BACK! YOU'RE ON IN THREE MINUTES!

OH... ER... SURE!

I USED TO HANDLE AN ANIMAL ACT! I'LL DO IT! THEN I CAN LEAVE UNNOTICED WHEN IT'S OVER!



TH- THEY FOUND THE LEOPARD!

YOU SEEM UPSET! COULD IT HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THIS NOTE YOU DROPPED?

Alice

GRRRR!



GIVE THAT TO ME!

SANDU! I WENT TO CALL YOU... AND... LON IS IN YOUR DRESSING ROOM... DEAD!



SANDU... STOP!



KELLY, QUICK! STOP SANDU!

HE'S BEEN STOPPED, SALLY... BY THE LEOPARD! WE FOUND HIM... CLAWED TO DEATH!



OUR KILLER IS NOT GENTLE ALICE! BUT IT COULD BE HAINES, THE WRITER OF THIS NOTE!

TWO MEN HAVE BEEN MURDERED AND WE DON'T KNOW WHAT THE MURDERER LOOKS LIKE... OR WHERE TO FIND HIM!









# WOW!

LOOK AT JOE GO ON  
HIS NEW BIKE!

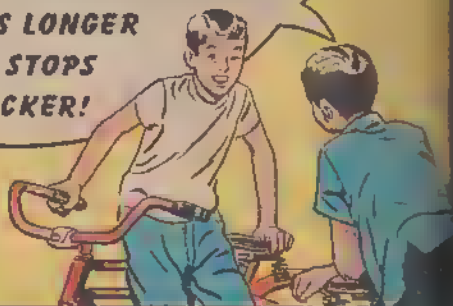


SURE,  
IT'S GOT A NEW  
**Bendix**  
COASTER BRAKE!

DAD SAYS BENDIX MAKES  
BRAKES FOR CARS, TRUCKS AND  
PLANES, TOO!



NO WONDER JOE'S  
BIKE PEDALS EASIER,  
COASTS LONGER  
AND STOPS  
QUICKER!



If you want the latest and finest coaster brake, be sure that your new bike has a Bendix Coaster Brake. It is made by America's leading brake manufacturer and has all kinds of new features. You'll find bicycle riding a lot more fun with a Bendix Coaster Brake!

#### JUST LOOK AT THESE FEATURES

Longer life—Dependable performance—  
Fewer parts—Easy to put together and  
take apart—Sealed against dirt and water.

LOOK  
for the  
NAME



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION of  
ELMIRA, NEW YORK


**Bendix**  
AVIATION CORPORATION



# NEW! IT'S A HIT! *John Prentice* SENSATIONAL, NEW 1949 ELECTRIC BASEBALL

Made and Guaranteed by ELECTRIC GAME CO., INC. 482 Front St., Holyoke, Mass.

BOYS! NOW YOU CAN PLAY BASEBALL ANYTIME - DAY OR NIGHT, COME RAIN, SLEET OR SNOW!



**SAYS DAD... THE COACH**

HEY, I COULD HARDLY SEE THAT LAST BALL. LET'S QUIT BEFORE SOMEBODY'S BEANED!

GAME CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS, BOYS!

AW, SHUCKS, COACH, DO WE HAVE TO QUIT, JUST AS I WAS GOING GOOD

HEY, FELLERS, I'VE GOT AN IDEA! C'MON FOLLOW ME TO MY HOUSE!




WE CAN CONTINUE PLAYING ON THIS INDOOR ELECTRIC BASEBALL GAME!

OH, BOY! LET'S GO!

HEY, THAT'S KEEN!



I LIKE THE WAY THE PITCHER CONTROLS THE SPEED OF THE BALL! THE BAT CONTACT IS TRIGGER FAST! EACH PLAYER MUST BE WIDE AWAKE. YES! THE AMAZING ELECTRIC "BRAIN" FLASHES ALL THE PLAYS! IT'S JUST LIKE BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL!



WE WANT A HOME RUN!

STRIKE HIM OUT!

I'LL PLAY THE WINNER, SON. THAT LOOKS LIKE THE BEST GAME I'VE EVER SEEN, AND IT CAN'T BE CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS!

WATCH MY FAST BALL!



**Big** 14 x 16 in.

STEEL BALL MOVES IN PLAY

OUTS RECORDER

UMPIRE RULES ON CLOSE PLAYS

LONG LIFE BATTERY

LAMPS LIGHT TO SHOW! PLAY



**Hi, Fellers!**

This great invention brings you all the fun, fast action, and zooming enthusiasm of sandlot games. Let's play... It's the last of the 9th... score tied... bases loaded. You are the last man up with 3 balls and 2 strikes. The next pitch is it! Will you WHAM a homer or tuck the breeze? Hero or dud? Batter must be sharp to "contact" the steel ball as it zings through the slot at homeplate. He learns the fine points, when to bunt, smash it or sacrifice. The play of the game packs every minute full of spine-tingling thrills, breath-taking excitement, just like big league ball games. And, you will never get enough, though you play it 1000 times. Size 14 x 16 in. with big yellow frame, substantially built.

**\$3.00** POSTPAID

**Special Price!** If you act today you can get your game at the special pre-season price of \$3.00, complete with new extra long-life (4-times) battery, ready to play. Or, if you prefer, pin \$1 to this ad and pay the balance \$2.00 on delivery. WE PAY POSTAGE AND COLLECTION CHARGES.

**MONEY BACK GUARANTEE 5 DAYS TRIAL**

**ELECTRIC GAME CO., INC.**  
482 Front St., Holyoke, Mass.

\$3 00	\$2 50	
BASEBALL	FOOTBALL	AMOUNT ENCLOSED

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

COD. Send \$1. Postman collects balance.

ALL GAMES POSTPAID



# "U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS  
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"ROUNDING UP  
THE RUSTLERS"



WHILE  
VACATIONING  
OUT WEST,  
DEPUTY U.S.  
ROYAL AND  
THE BOYS OF  
THE ELM CITY  
BIKE CLUB  
ARE ENJOYING  
THE SIGHTS,  
WHEN  
SUDDENLY...

SAY, ROYAL,  
WHO'S KICKING UP  
ALL THAT DUST  
DOWN THERE IN  
THE VALLEY?

RUSTLERS! AND  
THE POSSE'S  
NOT FAR BEHIND!



AND AS ROYAL WATCHES THE CHASE THROUGH  
HIS GLASSES, HE SEES...

GOOD! THE  
POSSE CAN'T  
FIGURE WHICH  
WAY WE WENT!

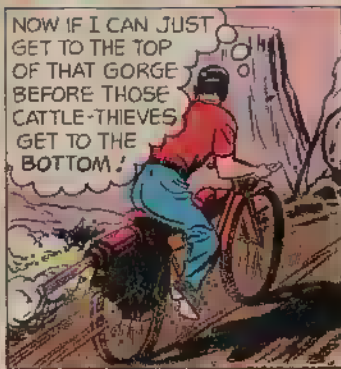
WELL, KEEP RIDIN'...  
WE AIN'T SAFE TILL  
WE GET THROUGH THE  
GORGE UP AHEAD...



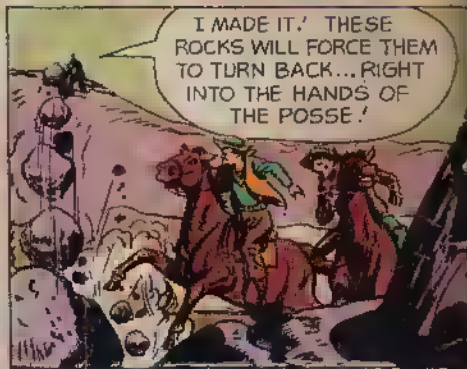
FELLAS, YOU TWO BIKE DOWN AND  
TELL THE POSSE TO HEAD FOR THE  
GORGE...I'LL HAVE A NICE SURPRISE  
THERE WAITING FOR THEM!



NOW IF I CAN JUST  
GET TO THE TOP  
OF THAT GORGE  
BEFORE THOSE  
CATTLE-THIEVES  
GET TO THE  
BOTTOM!

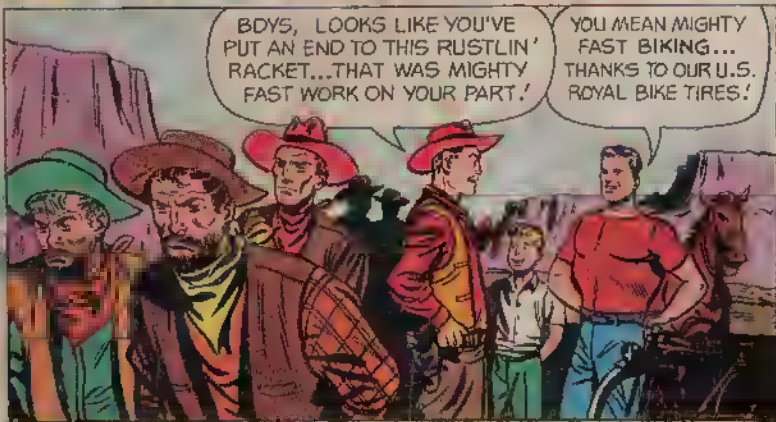


I MADE IT! THESE  
ROCKS WILL FORCE THEM  
TO TURN BACK...RIGHT  
INTO THE HANDS OF  
THE POSSE!



BOYS, LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE  
PUT AN END TO THIS RUSTLIN'  
RACKET...THAT WAS MIGHTY  
FAST WORK ON YOUR PART!

YOU MEAN MIGHTY  
FAST BIKING...  
THANKS TO OUR U.S.  
ROYAL BIKE TIRES!



FELLAS, SPEED AND SAFETY ARE REALLY  
"BUILT INTO" U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES--  
WITH THEIR SPECIAL BUILT-IN  
SKID CHAIN.



"TAKE MY TIP ON BIKE TIRES--  
TAKE THE TIRE WITH THE BUILT-IN  
SKID CHAIN"...SAYS U.S. ROYAL



IF YOU WANT TO BE SURE OF FIRM FOOTING...  
SAFE, QUICK STOPS...MAXIMUM MILEAGE...  
PERFECT CONTROL--BE SURE TO GET U.S.  
ROYAL BIKE TIRES. THAT SPECIAL BUILT-  
IN SKID CHAIN MAKES THEM TOPS IN TIRES.

## U.S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY  
Serving Through Science